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BARON OF MANSTOW.

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BARON MONTAGU



T H E  
BARON OF MANSTOW,

A N O V E L.

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FROM THE GERMAN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL I.

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L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE  
*Minerva*,  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

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M.DCC.XC.

THE

BARON OF MANSTOW

A NOVEL

FROM THE GERMAN



VOL. I.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM JANE

AT THE

Stationer

LEADENHALL STREET

M. DCC. LXXV

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T H E  
BARON OF MANSTOW.

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THE SUMMER'S NIGHT.

**I**N Deffau I heard great talk of a certain Baron of Curtheim, who possessed a considerable estate some miles distant from that town.—“As he is the worthiest, so is he the happiest man under the sun,” said one of my companions at table, a plain dressed man, whose chin was not concealed by his neckcloth. This was accompanied with a significant look, which implied, that many professed to have those qualities which the Baron of Curtheim



really possessed. Feeling a strong desire to see this happy, worthy man, I inquired the road to his mansion.

I am by no means averse to travelling by night, particularly in summer. The stillness of the objects around me, whilst all nature seems asleep, inspire me with somewhat of a sacred awe, in which I feel no small pleasure; it was about the end of July. The dew that had fallen in the evening promised me a cool, delicious night—the moon beaming from an unclouded sky, supplied the place of the absent sun. Finding no inclination to sleep, instead of retiring to bed, I ordered my servant to saddle our horses, and attend me to Curthausen.

I had rode on silently musing about half an hour, when I heard a soft female voice behind me, saying, “How do you do, Mr. Lebrecht?”

Turning

Turning my head, I saw Lebrecht, for so my servant was called, conversing with a pretty young woman, who was asking him, if that were the road to Dessau? Telling her it was, and directing her on the way, she wished him a good night, and continued her journey.

“ Who is that young woman, Lebrecht ?”

“ She is from Wittenberg, Sir.”

The view of a most romantic wood, which then struck my sight, called off my attention, and prevented me from questioning Lebrecht any farther concerning her; and, as he was not inclined to loquacity, seldom saying any thing but in answer to questions asked him, he said no more on the subject.

My eyes were fixed on the wood; I entered it, and rode through it deeply in thought, enjoying the fragrance that arose from the trees and the flowers, with which the banks were studded. Lebrecht followed me, humming,

“ When the trees are in bloom, &c.”

Quitting the wood, the road opened on an extensive plain. The greensward sparkling with the evening dew, and the moon-beams dancing on the slightly ruffled surface of an extensive piece of water skirted by the road, formed a most beautiful landscape, whilst the cool air from the lake was delightfully refreshing. The music of its croaking inhabitants, though certainly not melodious, caused my heart to vibrate with emotions, not the less pleasing, perhaps, for being allied to pain. The sound gradually died away as I pursued



fued my journey, and was soon exchanged for the bleating of a flock of sheep.

To these succeeded some fields, well covered with corn, gently waving its billowy head as the winds rustled through it, and inspiring me with the most heart-felt gratitude to the Supreme Director of the Universe, who so bountifully provides for all his creatures !

We passed some houses, neat, simple, surrounded with small gardens fenced with hedges ; they appeared the dwellings of peace. The centre of the village was occupied by a plain rustic church. The soft light of the moon seemed to sleep on the silent grave-stones, by which it was surrounded ; it truly appeared the abode of death. Not a soul was stirring—all was still. How good art thou, my God ! exclaimed I, as I contemplated the tranquil scene. The poor man, who eats his

bread in the sweat of his brow, who labors for the great, the wealthy, forgets his cares in unbroken slumbers, whilst anxiety and restlessness agitate the silken canopy, and the bed of down.

The grey morn now began to make its appearance as I entered another wood, so thick, that the moon could just enable me to discern its beauties without dispelling its gloom. In it grew an immense number of shrubs and bushes, above which the taller trees raised their majestic heads. Here the thorn rose alone in strait stems; there it intermingled with the branches of the neighbouring trees. It was all the work of Nature; yet did it seem to have employed the hand of some skilful artist.

And who has made all these!—this world — those worlds — those suns that fill immensity! said I to myself. O man! wouldst

wouldst thou but love thy fellows, and do good to all, in imitation of Him who is beneficence itself, how happy might thou be !

I know not how these reflections brought the maiden we met again to my mind ; but so it was.

“ From Wittenberg did you say that young woman came, Lebrecht ? ”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ And how came you acquainted with her ? ”

“ Her mother and mine are friends, and the last time I went to see my mother we became acquainted.”

“ Why, was she going to Dessau at so late an hour ? ”



“ I believe she has a rich aunt there, who is a pawnbroker ?”

“ No very honorable occupation. — She is not going to her to pledge any thing ?”

“ No, Sir ; she has nothing to pledge but herself : She is poor, and has a sick mother, and three small sisters, to support by spinning.”

“ Probably, then, she wants to borrow a little money of her aunt.”

“ Very likely, as her mother has a debt of five guineas to pay, and cannot raise the money unless she were to sell her house ; and if she sold her house, she and her children must lie in the street, for who would take in such poor folks ?”

“ That is very hard, Lebrecht.”

“ Yes,

BARON OF MANSTOW. 9

" Yes, indeed, it is, Sir, particularly if the aunt wont lend her the money; and they say she is very covetous."

" Poor woman !"

" My mother told me, that they were very sober, honest, industrious people."

" Remember to put me in mind of this poor girl when we return to Dessau. Do not forget it, Lebrecht."

B 5

MORNING.

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MORNING.

**W**ELCOME, soft smiling morn ! said  
I, as I saw the clouds that skirted  
the distant horizon tinged with red, that  
gradually extended itself, till the sun  
burst forth in all his glory. Surely there  
is not in nature a more beautiful picture  
than this ! The whole creation appeared  
to rejoice in his animating beams : The  
trees threw off their gloom, to assume a  
livelier hue : Every thing that met my  
eyes seemed to have acquired new charms.  
I could discern the slightest variation of  
tint in the manifold objects around me,  
and the more I examined them, the more  
was I astonished at those beauties every  
day before us, every day overlooked !  
During the night, indeed, I had enjoyed  
the fragrant perfume of the flowers that  
enamelled



enamelled the meads ; but now their beauties first met my sight. The feathered inhabitants of the woods began to chaunt their harmonious songs in varied melody, joining in concert to welcome the appearance of the sun ; hence, probably, deemed the god of song by the ancients. All these objects united awakened the most pleasing emotions in my heart ; the feelings of which were soon attracted towards that infinite Being, whose wisdom, power, and love, gladdens all his creatures. Uniting my voice to those of the choristers around me, I began the morning hymn :

“ Awake, my soul, and with the sun, &c.”

Lebrecht joined me, and thus we proceeded till we came to a plain, where on one side of us flowed the Elbe ; on the other lay beautiful meadows, and rich corn-fields. Numerous herds of sheep

## 12 BARON OF MANSTOW.

and cattle were scattered up and down,  
and industry and labor seemed once more  
awake.

We travelled along the banks of the  
Elbe at least an hour. To a mind given  
to reflect on the works of Providence,  
the neighbourhood of this majestic river  
could not but afford much subject for con-  
templation; nor was it lost on me.

A HISTORY,

A HISTORY, BY WAY OF BREAKFAST.

**T**HE chain of my thoughts was interrupted by Lebrecht's exclaiming, as he mused: "By this time Isabel knows what she has to expect." This again brought to my mind the poor girl, who was endeavoring to save her mother.

"I wish you had told me at first, Lebrecht, the occasion of her journey to Dessau, as I had money enough about me to have supplied her wants."

"It would have been better, perhaps; for the aunt may be a vile, hard-hearted woman, and who knows whether Isabel may not meet with such an adventure as she did once before."

"What



“ What adventure ?”

“ An adventure that wont bear talking of.”

“ But you were just now praising the girl ——.”

“ Yes, indeed ; there is not a better, or more virtuous girl in the world.”

“ And yet she has met with an adventure that will not bear talking of —— ! that does not seem very consistent.”

“ O, yes, it is.”

“ How can that be ?”

“ As men sometimes do good for evil purposes, so do they often do evil, that good may come of it.”

“ That

“ That is true, Lebrecht ; but what has Isabel done that is bad ? ”

“ If you please, Sir, I will relate the story as well as I can. ”

“ Do so. ”

“ I only heard it, as it were, by accident : My mother, like all other women, cannot keep a secret, though, probably, Isabel's had made her promise secrecy —. ”

“ To the point, Lebrecht —. ”

“ I must begin in my own way —. ”

“ But avoid circumlocution. — Proceed. ”

“ A few years ago, Isabel's mother was so ill, that she was thirteen weeks confined to her bed. She had nothing to  
subsist

subsist on but the fruits of her daughter's industry. Sicknefs is expensive, and Isabel could earn little, as she was obliged to attend her mother. They had spent their all. Of their linen and cloaths part was sold, part pawned. The poor folks received but little help from their friends. They were, indeed, in a piteous state. Nobody knew that their necessities were so great, and they were on the point of starving together."

"A melancholy picture, Lebrecht."

"Yes, indeed, Sir; but I will tell you: In this distressed situation Isabel's mother bethought herself of an old acquaintance in the next town, who had not, it is true, the best character, but who was in good circumstances. Promising herself some relief from this woman, she sent Isabel to her. She is a fine comely girl—as you saw, Sir—and this did not  
escape



escape the old bawd ; for she was no better, though that Isabel did not know. As soon as the poor girl had disclosed her errand, well, well, said the old woman, you may easily provide both for yourself and your mother. How ? replies Isabel.—I will tell you : You must employ the gifts that nature has given you. How do you mean ? — The old woman explained herself.—God forbid ! exclaimed Isabel, that I can never do. Is there no other way of succouring my poor mother ? — The other told her no, and began to urge her to receive a visit from a very generous man, to whom she would introduce her.—The poor girl burst out into tears, wrung her hands, and took on bitterly. Good God ! cried she, what shall I do ? Nobody takes pity on us, and if I do not help my wretched mother she must starve. But then—at how dear a price !—Her legs tottered under her.—

She

She sunk down in a chair, almost stupefied with grief !”

“ Poor girl ! was she at last obliged to submit ?”

“ You shall hear, Sir.—The more Isabel sobbed and wept, the more pressing was the old woman. She talked to her in a friendly manner, telling her, that it was no sin to grant a man a small favor, when it was for so good a purpose ; that it was her duty to do all she could for her parent ; that certainly God would not impute it to her as a sin ; that it was fulfilling the fourth commandment.—God forgive me for using the old woman’s blasphemous expressions, and whatever else she could think of, to bring the poor girl to her purpose.—Isabel began to deliberate ; and when once a woman deliberates on a thing, she is in a fair way to do it.—At length she consented, and had only

only the fear of its being known to surmount.—If that be all, said the old woman, you may depend on my secrecy, and I will bring you a handsome, generous lover : But you must not yield too easily ; he has plenty of money, and can pay well. Isabel promised to return the same evening, and to tell her mother that her acquaintance had no money in the house, but would get some for her before night.

“ Did Isabel’s mother know what trade the old woman carried on ? ”

“ O no, Sir ; if she had, she would rather have starved than have suffered her daughter to go. Mrs. Liebigen, that was the old woman’s name, carried on her business very secretly : She was one that accommodated a few particular friends only, as she used to say. In the evening Isabel returned. Scarce had she been in the house a quarter of an hour, when the  
Baron



Baron of Waldhauffen entered. He was a captain in the army, about six and twenty, a very handsome man, and had one of the best hearts in the world. As soon as he saw Isabel he could not help admiring her beauty, and the fresh bloom of her complexion. These, with some tears just starting from her eyes, awakened his suspicions.—Who is this pretty maid, Mrs. Liebigen? said he.—What signifies that, captain? I leave her to you, and you may see how ready I am to oblige you, by my making you such a present. — Having no mistrust of the captain, who was one of her best friends, she immediately withdrew, leaving Isabel and him together. Viewing her attentively, as she sat in a corner of the room, her eyes fixed on the floor, and her heart bursting with anguish, he drew a chair close to her. Who are you, my dear child? said he to her, in a soft, gentle tone, that pacified her a little.—She gently raised her eyes

eyes towards him, and saw that his looks were humanity itself. He repeated his question, adding, that he had a strong desire to know who she was.—Isabel fell at his feet — an unfortunate girl, Sir, forced to sell her honor, her virtue, to preserve a mother from starving. As well as her sobs and tears would let her, she proceeded. You seem affected at my case, worthy Sir: Ah! spare my innocence — my honor — but save the life of my mother. If you can assist her, without ruining me, God will reward you.—She hid her face, bathed in tears, on his knee. — He pitied her situation. A tear stole from his eye. Pressing her hand gently, stand up, my good girl, said he; I will do nothing injurious to your virtue. If it be in my power I will assist you, without making you pay too dear a price. Dry up your tears. Take heart; tell me your story, and confide in my honor; you shall find in me a friend.—Isabel told him  
the

the simple truth.—How many scenes of distress there are in the world (said he) that might be relieved, were they known! He took from his purse four guineas, and gave them to Isabel, saying, take this trifle, and when you want more come to me : I shall never forget you, or the present moment of my life.—Isabel would accept only one ; but he forced her to take the whole, and she left the house with a much lighter heart than she entered it, adoring the wonderful providence of God so opportunely displayed at the instant she had despaired of it. — The Baron of Waldhauffen, however, did not quit Mrs. Liebigen without reprimanding her severely for her baseness, in attempting to sacrifice an innocent maiden to her vile avarice.”

“ Your history has pleased me much, Lebrecht.”

“ I am



“ I am very glad of it, Sir. A true story, like this, is certainly better than any fiction. Though, when you are disposed for it, Sir, I have some of the latter sort that will entertain you.”

“ Another time, Lebrecht ; at present we are just at Curthausen.”

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CURTHAUSSEN.

**I** THOUGHT a Paradise appeared before me. Curthausen was situated on the borders of a large lake, that almost seemed a sea. The road to it, which lay across a delightful plain, was strait and level : The fields on each side were inclosed with thick hedges, laid out with the utmost symmetry. To this succeeded a beautiful garden on the right, and some  
fine

fine hop-grounds on the left. On each side of the road was a small canal, on the banks of which grew chesnut-trees. The manor-house lay before me, situated in the midst of a square green, surrounded with a neat fence, and planted with linden-trees. A plain but elegant bridge crossed the canal which surrounded the green, and on the lake was a beautiful yacht anchored near the shore.

As all seemed still in the house, I was unwilling to disturb its inhabitants, and therefore determined first to look at the garden. Riding up to the door of it, which was open, I gave my horse to Lebrecht, and went in. The people of the house, however, were more wakeful than I imagined; for, as I entered the garden, I heard a sound as of a congregation singing in one of the wings of the house.

“ Good

" Good morrow, friend ; may a stranger be permitted to see the garden ?" said I to the gardener, who just then made his appearance.

" O certainly, your honor, if you please," said he, offering himself to shew it me.

" But what singing was this I heard so early ?"

" The morning service, Sir, that is just ended."

" Is there a church then, that has service performed in it every morning ?"

" A chapel, Sir, in which his honor makes the schoolmaster read prayers every morning to all his servants and vassals. His honor, his lady, and Miss Eleanor, are frequently present."



“ A very good practice ——.”

On each side of the garden I observed a neat little edifice. They were both ornamental, and at the same time useful. That on the left-hand was a green-house, with apartments for the gardener ; that on the right, a receptacle for the poor ——.

“ Here,” said the gardener, “ a greater or less number of poor people, unable to work, are constantly taken care of.”

“ By whom was this house founded ?”

“ Our present worthy master. When the income he has appropriated to its support is insufficient to maintain all that are in need, he makes up what is wanting from his own revenues.”

“ Do not the lower class of people, who reap the benefit of it, contribute also towards it ?”

“ Not

“ Not a farthing.”

“ Noble institution ! Your master must be very charitable : He is no doubt wealthy ——.”

“ Not so rich as some are.”

“ The more is it to his honor, that he does so much good.”

But to go on with my description of the garden :—A long grove of pomegranate, lemon, and orange-trees, intermixed with myrtles, lay before me. Their leaves and fruits seemed to contend which should most delight the senses. This grove terminated with the end of the garden, which was bounded by a long wall, so concealed by shrubs, that the pleasing verdure of nature every where met our eyes.

Passing through a gate in this wall, we entered the kitchen-garden. Hedges of espaliers, or gooseberry and currant-trees, parted it into four divisions, well stocked with the several useful productions of the vegetable kingdom. In the midst of each division was a small square pond. Beyond this lay the flower-garden, also divided into four parts, and stored with the choicest flowers. At the end of it was a considerable eminence, raised by nature, and furnished by art with trees and shrubs. This, which took a semicircular sweep like an amphitheatre, commanded a fine view of the gardens, and of the neighbouring lake, in the midst of which appeared some beautiful little islands.

Every thing that I saw gave me the most favorable opinion of the owner's taste and understanding : But it was now time to return, and prepare for my visit.

I rode



I rode into the court. A servant came to me, who informed me, that the Baron of Curtheim was giving audience to his vassals, which he did constantly every morning. I desired to be announced as a stranger, who wished to be introduced to him. The servant first conducted me into a large hall, in which my eyes were feasted with some of the best productions of the most celebrated masters. The paintings consisted chiefly of historical pieces, or moral allegories, with a few good portraits. One small piece particularly engaged my attention: It represented an unclouded sky, and a smooth sea, on which was a small boat, that seemed gliding swiftly over its surface, and was ready to touch the shore, that appeared strewn with bones, skeletons, and falling grave-stones. The scythe and hour-glass sufficiently denoted, that the personage holding the rudder was Time. Four rowers seemed to use their utmost

exertions to reach the shore. Of these one bore a garland of flowers; the second, of ears of corn; the third, of various fruits; and the fourth was clad in furs. Another person lay asleep in the bow; an angel was endeavoring to awake him. He seemed to say to him, "awake! thou art entering the haven of eternity." I was contemplating this picture as the master of the house entered.

THE BARON OF CURTHEIM.

A TALL, handsome man, with a florid complexion, Roman nose, and large black eyes—extremely courteous, affable, pleasing, and eloquent—and about four and thirty.

“ I am informed, Sir, that you are the best and happiest man in the world, and this is the reason of my visit.”

“ Happy I am, it is true, Sir : Good I endeavor to be ; but to style me the best and happiest of mankind was too much. Your visit, however, I esteem as an honor. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of receiving in my house ?”



I told him my name and rank. He embraced me, and from that instant we were friends.—We returned to the garden, and, in the midst of the orangery, found a table with coffee prepared for breakfast. A young lady received us.

“ This is my wife.—To her I am indebted for most of my happiness——.” Our compliments were short. She won my esteem at first sight.

The Baroness of Curtheim seemed formed to make a man happy. Fair, delicately shaped, she appeared gentleness itself, whilst her soul spoke from two most lovely blue eyes. The tone of her voice was inexpressibly sweet : I had never heard any thing to equal it.

To give her character in two words, she was perfectly good.

What

What satisfaction did I not enjoy during the hour that I spent with those two persons, who were ornaments to human nature!—It was the happiest hour of my life.—Surely, notwithstanding his refusing the appellation, he was the best of men,—she, the best of women.—He, a man of the soundest judgment, taste and understanding:—She, all goodness, tenderness, and sensibility.—Both unquestionably deserved to be completely happy; yet, had not fate united them, neither, perhaps, would have been so.—Happy the man who obtains such a wife!

I was listening attentively to a most delightful and instructive conversation: The place, the subject, every thing had conspired to wind up my soul to the highest pitch, when a female form appeared, that seemed something more than mortal.—Never shall I forget the emotion

C 5. I felt,

I felt, but which I cannot describe.—I was motionless, when the Baron said to me :

“ Eleanora von Linden, my wife’s sister.”

It was not without perturbation I accosted her. The Baroness had excited my admiration ; but she left me master of myself : Eleanora did not.

The sisters soon retired, and the Baron acquainted me with his way of life. On our return to the hall I questioned him about the painting which I had been contemplating. “ It is” said he, “ the picture of the life of a happy man. Such a life resembles a calm sea, which conveys us to the kingdom of death. Few, however, know how to enjoy such a life. — Men lie sunk in a deep sleep as it were, dreaming of no change, till the angel of death awakens them.”

“ A



“ A very moral allegory,” replied I ;  
 “ but those four beautiful portraits that  
 I see placed together, they are painted  
 from fancy, I suppose —.”

“ No, Sir ; they are taken from the  
 life, and are very good resemblances.”

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THE FOUR COQUETTES.

“**T**HEY were four ladies of my acquaintance, when I lived in the great world. Four of the most charming and artful coquettes that you would meet with. From their originality I was desirous of having their portraits. They are still alive, and if you have any curiosity to learn their characters, I will give you them.”

“ You will please me much, Sir : Nothing that relates to the history of human nature can be unacceptable to me.”

“ That lady on the right had, whilst maid, wife, and widow, an exactly proportioned and stately form. Within these few years, however, she has acquired a  
degree.

degree of embonpoint, that, adding to its stateliness, has robbed it of somewhat of its charms. If her beauty might not be ranked in the first class, her artfulness well supplied that deficiency. With a most fiery temper, she is entertaining, gay, and forward. She laughs very much; but with such a grace, that nobody perceives it to be immoderate. She enjoys life, yet with a kind of moderation that does not rob her of her peace. Every thing delights her, but nothing fixes her attention. Sometimes she gives herself an air of yielding, at others, of reserve, so that there is no understanding her. A single look, that seems to escape her without design, enchains the victim she has selected. He follows her, converses with her, and is compleatly subdued. As she well knows how to employ those powerful weapons of coquetry, sighs and tears, her slaves do not easily emancipate themselves. Her every action is fashioned by art.



art. Whatever she says, whatever she does, she is always supporting a feigned character. Her looks seem now all openness, and the purest innocence; now they roam about as though they would fascinate every heart. Sometimes she assumes an air of prudery, or of devotion; and whilst she puts on any character, according to the disposition of the person she would enthrall, she never fails to excel in whatever she adopts."

"You delineate well, Sir: Every one of those traits is discoverable in that portrait."

"Observe that next to her. — She is jolly, and still handsome, though in her fortieth year. She strikes the attention at first sight; but the longer you observe her, the more you admire her. If you spend an hour with her she charms you; but in a few days she makes herself mistress of  
your

your whole heart. Her voice and manner are insinuating, and even her faults have something seducing. They strike us so slightly, that in time we look on them as virtues. She censures no one, treats every one with candor, is neither jealous nor wanton, tender nor sincere, ingenuous nor free; yet can assume the appearance of any of these when she thinks it to her purpose. In writing she displays much wit, though little solidity. Prudent, except in affairs of gallantry, in which she is without reserve. Her passions are firm and resolute. She had the misfortune to be a long time in adverse circumstances; but they did not depress her spirits. — She constantly opposed her enemies with moderation, and endeavored to expose the fallacy of their pretensions with coolness. She acted and spoke with such discretion and composure before her judges, as seemed only compatible with the purest innocence. Her wit  
and

and person had more effect on them than all the interest of her friends, or eloquence of her counsel. She got through with some little difficulty, and every body said, that she had bent justice in her favor."

"A remarkable character: But what kind of a woman is that fair one next her, whose portrait strikes me greatly?"

"When she married a man of seventy, whom she hated, she was one of the handsomest and loveliest women in the world. What is most remarkable in her, is that air of modesty, which, in itself, perhaps, one of the greatest beauties, nature seems to have bestowed on some women to make virtue still more lovely: But the glass of our young lady, which she frequently consulted, soon told her how much this heightened every charm: She therefore put it on with the usual decorations.



corations of the toilet, though in secret she threw it off, to indulge in the greatest excesses, nor blushed to receive the wages of vice. A character stained with such spots deserves not to be enlarged upon; it offers us no reflections, but what tend to the disgrace of human nature."

"We cannot, however, but admire the absolute sway with which these beauties tyrannized over mens' hearts. All of them, though their youth was passed in unquestionable irregularities, and they had no portion, but what little they had saved from the prices received for their favors, married well. As to their husbands, they would have done better, had they separated from them before their extravagance had reduced them to beggary."

"Such is too commonly the way of the world, Sir; but what of the last, that fine brunette?"

"She

“ She is, indeed, the best of the four. Tall and thin ; her figure and countenance are no less at variance than the qualities of her mind. Her form is graceful when standing ; sitting she does not appear to advantage. She dances elegantly, yet her walk is not pleasing. Seldom deficient in wit, she displays but few marks of a good understanding. Sharp in her answers, and generally loud in conversation, she is still capable of bridling her anger, and restraining her mirth within due bounds. Her words, her actions, her passions, have but the outward appearance of vivacity : Thus, when every thing in her seems to announce anger and violence, she is in reality all softness and forbearance. She has an extreme propensity to love ; yet an extraordinary aversion to what is commonly termed gallantry ; all the fooleries and trifling of which she hates, as she loves in earnest. Still she

she is a coquet; not from inclination, but in imitation of others."

"A singular character! Perhaps an unique in its kind. May I ever hope to be acquainted with these four ladies?"

"Some time or other, possibly, I may be able to introduce you to them."

Eleonora now entering, the pictures no longer held my attention. Roaming through all the delicious wilds of fancy, my mind still centered in her.

HISTORY



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HISTORY OF THE BARON OF CURTHEIM.

**N**EVER yet had I met with a man who so much pleased me as the Baron, nor was I an unacceptable guest to him. During the three days I remained with him, every hour gave me fresh occasion for admiring him, every hour our friendship drew closer. I had no small desire of becoming acquainted with his history, and one day he thus gratified my curiosity :

“ My education, though most people would style it a good one, was defective in many essential points. The notions I imbibed of religion were slight, and the seeds of indifference sown early in my heart, sprung up into immorality when warmed

warmed by the passions. The superficial ideas I received of virtue taught me not sufficiently to value it, and I tottered on the brink of ruin. My passions were strong, particularly with regard to the fair sex. Before I left school I had an amour, and at college was quite a libertine. Still, however, the principles of honor implanted in my heart by the moral writings of the ancients, were strong, and they saved me. As I spent freely, I soon dissipated my allowance, though it was considerable. A girl, to whom I was strongly attached, endeavored to intice me to supply her extravagances by the most dishonorable means. This first opened my eyes to the baseness of vice, and the untimely fate of one of my companions exposed to me its dangers. Still, slighting religion as I did, I found no weapons with which to combat my passions that continually tormented me, tho' I durst not give way to them. I became  
discontented

discontented with myself, with the Creator of the Universe, whom I dared accuse of giving men passions to render them miserable. Melancholy seized me; I began to hate the world, and to detest existence: I no longer believed in virtue, or in Providence. To turn away my thoughts from the horrid prospect, I had recourse to the bottle, and to play. I travelled, but travelling did not restore my peace.

In the mean time my father died, and, being his eldest son, I took possession of this estate. Utterly ignorant of the management of it, I was imposed upon on all hands, and every one prophesied my ruin. My friends advised me to marry. Fond as I was of the other sex, I had certainly no aversion to this; yet I remained a bachelor till my thirtieth year. I know not how to account for what seems to me so strange; but, perhaps, fate withheld



held me till I met with her, who was to become truly a second self.

Henrietta von Linden was destined to inspire me with wishes before unknown, and to make me what I am. Her father possessed a considerable estate a few miles from this place. He kept little company; and though I had frequently heard his two daughters much praised, I was not acquainted with them.

Once, as I was going a journey, my road lay through the village of Lindenschbach. As I approached it, I heard a not unpleasant sound of rural music, and was tempted to ride up to the place whence it proceeded. At a distance I saw a number of peasants, in their holiday cloaths; and of one, whom I overtook going thither, I asked the occasion of this assembly. He informed me, that it was the harvest feast, at which portions were annually bestowed

bestowed on the three most deserving maidens of the village; and that the lord of the manor's wife, or, if he had none, his eldest daughter distributed them, and, dressed as a peasant, danced with the young men who were to be their husbands.

This brought to my mind the well-known feast of roses of Salenry, which made me more eager to see the ceremony. On a large green, surrounded with trees, I found all the inhabitants of the village assembled. They formed a circle, in the midst of which, at a table, sat the Baron of Linden, his youngest daughter, some other ladies, and the clergyman of the place. At another table sat the old men of the village, with the steward, who had before him a parchment. Between the two tables, on a high seat of turf, was the Baron's eldest daughter, clad like a shepherdess, and at her feet the three young maidens,

maidens, dressed in their gayest attire. — Behind these stood their lovers. Opposite these were the schoolmaster, with the children under his care, and the musicians. The whole assembly were joining in chorus to a song composed for this festival. I took a full view of the whole; but the queen of the feast particularly engaged my attention. You have seen her, and you may guess how attracting she must have been in such simple clothing, and sitting on the lap of nature. She seemed placed there to captivate all who beheld her. I felt my inclinations for the other sex revive; or rather let me say, I felt desires till then unknown. I alighted, and mixed in the circle. She had before noticed me; but her eyes now gave me a look that pierced my very soul. Mine no sooner met hers, however, than they were withdrawn, I flattered myself, with that timidity which usually accompanies the first sensations of love. The Baron

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observed



observed me, and, on hearing who I was, requested me to take a seat at his table. The song being ended, the ceremony began.

The Baron's daughter delivered a short speech to the assembly, in which she announced the three maidens, who were to have the prize. She spoke with so much grace, and in such a tone, that every word went to my heart. Asking the elders whether the maidens merited the prize, to which they, in the name of the whole, answered, yes; and the Baron having assented, she distributed the prizes. The priest then proceeded to join their hands with those of their lovers, and the steward registered their names. — Another song was now sung, and the ceremony concluded with a dance. — After the three bridegrooms had received the usual honor, I, as a stranger, was favored with Henrietta's hand, the soft touch of which served

served but the faster to enchain me. I conversed with her, and the qualities of her mind finished what the charms of her person had begun. Her soul seemed a counterpart to mine, and from that moment I resolved to dedicate my heart to her.

When the festival was over, I prepared to continue my journey ; but being pressed to stay till the morning, my heart willingly assented: The night came : I retired to sleep ; but it was long before I could close my eyes, and when I did it was only in broken slumbers : Yet sleeping or waking Henrietta was still before me, and I resolved not to proceed farther till I had disclosed my sentiments.

I arose early, and once more, after a long interval, thought on God, whom I implored to promote my designs. My chamber window opened to the court : I

D 2

opened

opened it, and observed some poor people assembling round the door. In a short time Henrietta made her appearance, bade them good morning, and gave each of them a small loaf from a basket which a maid carried. A servant told me, that it was her custom three times a week, and that all who were unable to earn their living partook of her bounty.

“She is an excellent woman.” —  
 “That she is, indeed, Sir,” replied the servant; “she is the best young lady in the world.”—He was full of her virtues, and wanted only to be thus set a going, to relate to me a hundred anecdotes of her goodness and humanity, all of which served but to heighten my esteem for her.

I was now informed that breakfast was ready. Both his daughters were with the Baron. My heart sprang to my mouth,

as



as I beheld Henrietta. She must be mine, thought I, or wretchedness will. Time was precious : I must seize the present opportunity, or perhaps it would be too late. After breakfast, Eleonora played on the harpsichord, whilst the Baron took his morning's pipe. I entered into conversation with Henrietta.

I disclosed to her my sentiments, and was told, that she would not refuse me her hand, if her father approved our union. I asked the Baron's consent. As he could have no reasonable objection, he frankly told me, that he should not withhold it if I were agreeable to his daughter. It was necessary that I should perform the journey I had undertaken, which was short, and which I expedited with all possible speed. As I came back, I halted at Lindenbach ; nor did I return to Curthausen till wedlock had given me a right to take Henrietta with me.



She has made me what I now am. To her I owe all my virtues, all my happiness. Since I have called her mine, the blessings of Heaven have been showered down upon me: I have again become a man; I have become a Christian. Heaven has favored us with three children, whose education is my chief employment."

THE

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THE TROGLODYTES.

“**H**OW happy men are, when they are so sociable and friendly as those we have just left!” said Lebrecht, when we had rode about half an hour, on our return from Curthauffen, and I was still musing on the Baron of Curtheim, his lady, and — Eleonora, nor thought of pace or time.

“Yes, Lebrecht, men were born for society, and mutually to assist each other.”

“Pity that all men do not!”

“Right; but still so it is, though nothing is so conducive to our happiness as to serve others; and to sacrifice our own

passions to the welfare of our fellow-creatures is the noblest of human actions. Good-will towards mankind produces peace and happiness; its reverse, misery and disquietude. Whole nations exhibit sufficient proofs of this in their rise, and in their decay. As it is in great societies, so it is in little ones; and as in little ones, so it is in greater."

"That is very true, Sir. I remember I once read a story in an old book that proves it. I liked it so well, that I have not yet forgotten it."

"Will you tell it me? I want something to amuse me."

"If you please, Sir; it is very moral."

"So much the better."

"Let

“ Let me see—how does it begin ?—  
 Formerly there lived in Arabia a people  
 called Troglodytes ; they were so wild,  
 that they more resembled beasts than men.  
 In outward appearance, indeed, their  
 posterity were not so frightful ; but their  
 minds were only the more vicious and  
 savage. They obeyed every impulse of  
 their appetites, and knew nothing of right  
 or justice ; so much the less difficult was it  
 to a certain king to bring them under the  
 yoke. Force kept them some time in order ;  
 but, on the first opportunity they rose against  
 their governor and killed him. His suc-  
 cessor met no better fate ; and, finally,  
 they emancipated themselves from all  
 subjection..

These barbarians would listen to no-  
 thing but their own unruly desires. Hence  
 they resolved, that, in future, every one  
 should live as he liked, and follow that  
 which was right in his own eyes. This



is excellent, exclaimed every one. I shall now work no longer for others; they are nothing to me: I have only to take care of myself. Let all the rest of the Troglodytes starve, whilst I but enjoy what I wish.

This rare system was adopted just at seed-time. Every one thought, why need I sow more land than will supply myself? Every one may do the same: I have nobody else to care for.—Thus many fields remained unsown.

The soil of this country was very unequal; it consisted of dry hills interspersed with watery vallies. The first year there happened a great drought. All the corn in the hills was parched up, and the vallies only produced sufficient harvests. The inhabitants of the former now wanted bread, for the others would give them none. Let them see to that, said the latter;

ter ; we have only sown for ourselves. Thus numbers of the mountaineers died of hunger.

The next year the scene was changed. The rains were as abundant as the preceding one had been deficient. — The mountains were covered with corn, whilst all that had been sown in the vallies perished in the ground. The inhabitants of the latter cried out with famine ; but the mountaineers, availing themselves of the law of retaliation, suffered those who could find no subsistence to starve.

Thus they went on for some time. At length, one who lived in a valley removed to the mountains. This man had a handsome wife. One of his new neighbours fell in love with her, and took her away by force. This produced many conflicts between them, till they mutually agreed to refer their case to the arbitration of an old

man hard by, who had held the office of judge during the reign of their king.

What is your wife to me? said he, snappishly : I have enough to do to mind my own concerns, without troubling myself with those of others. Go about your business, and leave me to myself.

The ravisher was the stronger of the two, so he refused to return the woman, and she——took it all very patiently. The former husband went home very sorrowfully, for what could he do? On his way, however, he met with another woman that pleased his fancy. He learned that she was the wife of the old judge, who had refused to do him justice. Revenge is sweet; so he took her by force, and carried her to his house.

Those of the Troglodytes who had survived the famine began now to perceive the



the ravages of its attendant, pestilence. A physician from a neighbouring country came to them: He was well skilled in medicine, and extremely successful. In a short time the malady disappeared, and Raphadel (so the physician was called) applied to his patients for his fees; but there was nobody at home. His services were requited with ingratitude, and he was forced to depart unrewarded.

The disease, however, broke out afresh, and they again implored the assistance of Raphadel. He thanked them for the honor, and returned them the following answer:

“To cure you is beyond my skill. Your minds are far more diseased than your bodies. It is better for you to die than to live, unless you could become just and honest. Be thus, and I will again come to you.”

This



This speech went in at one ear, and out at the other. They could not get rid of their dishonesty; the disease continued, and want took such hasty strides, that they scarcely knew whither to flee from it. Extortion and oppression were exercised on every hand. One wanted clothes, and was obliged to buy wool of his neighbour. The seller says to himself, my wool is not worth two tomans, but he cannot do without it; he shall pay me four times as much. It booteth not to haggle, and the purchaser paid the eight tomans.—Now said the other, I will buy some corn.—If you want corn, replied his neighbour, I have a little to spare, I can supply you; but the general failure of the crops has made it dear.—How dear?—Just as dear as your wool; half a bushel for eight tomans.—That is dear, indeed; I will give you six.—I will not take a farthing less, if you were to starve.—What was

to be done? The man must have food, so he was forced to pay the money.

The field of this covetous man was covered with a fine crop. This tempted two of his idle neighbours, who united to drive him from house and home, and took possession of all he had. As nobody loved him, nobody pitied him.

The two new possessors of the land bound themselves, by the most solemn oaths, to assist each other in maintaining it against all who should attack them. They lived thus in peace for a time; but a barren year happening, one said to himself, what a fool am I to think of dividing this harvest with that pitiful fellow! I will take it all to myself.—In vain the other exclaimed against the injustice of it. All that he got by it was, the having his brains knocked out.

The

The other, however, did not long maintain his spoils. The relations of the murdered man united ; he was too weak to oppose them, and soon fell a victim to his own wickedness.

Force and oppression now daily took greater strides amongst the Troglodytes, and murder was the current coin by which every thing was paid for. No man was any longer secure of his life. This induced the wives and children of many who were slain to seek a more peaceful habitation in a neighbouring desert, and to these some families of a gentler disposition joined themselves. Unremitting industry soon changed the desert into a fruitful country. The more they reflected on their former wretchedness and disquietude, the greater were their love and benevolence to each other. Virtue was their happiness, and society their pleasure. Peace and plenty, the fruits of industry, smiled on  
their



their fields. No one refused another his assistance ; no one envied his neighbour. They were strangers to all disputes, but who should excel in friendship and kindness to his fellows.

This small republic knew only two laws : The first, to thank the Supreme Being for having freed them from the slavery of a savage life. The second, to do to others as they would have others do to them.

These two laws were comprised in a short hymn, which the children were taught to sing daily. The parents were also careful to instruct their children in the true meaning of these two laws. They informed them of the barbarity and destruction of the Troglodytes, from whom they separated themselves. Envy, and the unbridled indulgence of their passions, said they, induced the ruin of those people. They  
thought



thought as little of the Supreme Being as of justice and rectitude. Take example from their fall, and be assured, that it costs less trouble to be virtuous than to be wicked. Forsake not the purity and simplicity of your manners. It is a positive law of nature, that malevolence towards others should bring on our own ruin, whilst kindness to our fellow-creatures is the true road to happiness.

These were the golden lessons taught their youth. They honored, they followed them, and the parents had the pleasure of seeing their children as virtuous as themselves. A youth, for instance, would say, to-morrow my father must plough his field : What if I should rise a few hours before him, and go to work ! it would lessen his labor greatly.—He does so ; the father rejoices in his son's conduct, and blesses him.

Another

Another informs a man that robbers have stolen his cattle.—I am only sorry, says the man, that they have taken a beautiful unspotted lamb, which to-morrow I had intended to have offered to the Deity.—One says, now will I go and return thanks to God, the giver of all good, for having restored the health of my brother.—The nobleness of another's mind is evident in his saying, my worthy neighbour is poor and old: I have some corn in my granary; I will share it with him, that he may not want.

Thus each endeavored to assist his fellows. Social friendship rendered this little state happy, and the blessings of God rewarding its virtue, so that it increased daily.

Still there remained some free-booters in the neighbourhood, who envied the happiness of these Troglodytes. They made

made frequently incursions into their territories, and carried off their cattle. The patience of the latter was at length exhausted by repeated outrages: They resolved, however, to try amicable means before they came to extremities, and sent two of their elders as ambassadors to them. These delivered to them the following speech in the name of the whole community :

What injury have we done you, that you are such enemies to us? Or when have we entered your lands, and plundered them? We are a peaceful nation, fearing God, and loving virtue. Tell us, like friends, what you want, and we will freely give it you. Do you want wool for clothing, or corn to make bread? Lay aside your swords, and come to us in peace. If you listen not to our words, but fall on us again with violence, we will treat you as savages and wild beasts, whose  
names



names deserve to be blotted out from amongst mankind.

The robbers, however, made a jest of the ambassadors of the friendly Troglodytes.—Poor fellows, said they, your innocence and piety will afford you little protection against our superior strength. We are Arabs; the sword is our law, and our choice is in our quivers.—Again they made an incursion into the territories of the Troglodytes, but they found them prepared for the most obstinate resistance. These placed their wives and children in the midst of their small body, and were less terrified at the number of their enemies, than confident in the justice of their cause. Innocence inspired them with valour. One fought for his parents, another for his children, a third for his wife, a fourth for his friend and brother. Each was ready to sacrifice his life for his country. The conflict was bloody, and many  
breathed

breathed their last. Still, no sooner did one fall, but another was in his place, to revenge the death of his friend. The contest was between virtue and vice, righteousness and oppression, freedom and slavery. The former conquered, as was natural, and the robbers were put to flight.

They were overcome; but even this did not teach them to mend their lives. They remained savages, and continued to vex the Troglodytes till these completely subdued them, and made them their servants. In process of time, these good Troglodytes became a mighty state, and their simplicity and benevolence made them the happiest of all nations."

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THE RIVAL.

“YOUR story has entertained me, Lebrecht. I think, however, I have already read it somewhere.”

“May be so, Sir ; but it has served to pass away the time, and it has a good moral.”

“It has. We ought not to suppose that man can be happy in a mere state of nature. Social life, and friendship to others, are the true sources of man’s happiness. That, I apprehend, is the moral of it.”

“I believe so, Sir ; but here is an excellent inn. Is it not time for us to rest our horses ?”

“Yes.”



“ Yes.”—We rode into the inn-yard, as an officer entered at the opposite gate, with the same intention. A man of about thirty, with a noble and open countenance, that struck me at first sight. His physiognomy bespoke a mind of worth. We entered into conversation together. I soon mentioned that I came from Curthaussen, where I had left the most amiable family in the world. He at first concealed from me his name, as also whence he came, and whither he was going. I could not directly ask him, and he gave me no clue by which I could guess. At length our discourse turned on the romantic situation of Curthaussen. I had taken a little sketch of it, which I shewed him. My port-folio lay open before him.

“ Whose portrait is that ?” said he, as he cast his eyes on an imperfect sketch of Eleonora, which I had done from memory one morning in my own apartment.

“ It

"It is a faint resemblance of the most lovely of women."

"Eleonora von Linden?" replied he, devouring the portrait with his eyes, with a certain emotion, that would have betrayed him, if I had not before entertained any suspicions.

"Do you know the lady?"

He seemed to have forgotten himself. He now, however, drew back, and answered very coldly: "I have seen her. It is a good resemblance, as far as I recollect."

"It is but a slight sketch; yet in so interesting a face it was not possible to fail altogether. I think myself that I have copied some of the features pretty well."

“ You are right ; her face is most interesting.”

“ I know none more so. Observe those large open eyes, the pictures of happiness ! — that lofty forehead — that nose, how excellently formed ! — that mouth, how lovely ! — that neck, worthy a Juno ! — that bosom, the master-piece of nature ! But what is this lifeless sketch, compared with the inexpressible charms of the original ! — And then her soul seems an emanation from that Deity, whose principal aim is the happiness of mankind.”

He listened with attention. His eyes were fixed on me, as he said, with some signs of disquietude : “ You speak very warmly of this lady — .”

“ Not more so, than I think — than I feel.”

He



He sighed, laid down the portrait, arose from his chair, and walked hastily backwards and forwards across the room.

“ Is not my description just, though you have only seen the lady once ?”

“ You have only said too little of her.”

He looked out of the window. I thought, perhaps, he knew her better than I ; but that thought tortured my soul. I sat musing on this, my eyes fixed on the floor, when the officer coming up to me, said, “ Will you give me the portrait ?”

“ If I could do that, Sir, I must have but little value for the original.”

“ It can be of no use to you.”

“ You are greatly mistaken, Sir ; but may I ask why you think so ?”

“ You are in love with the original.”

“ I do not say that I am ; but suppose it to be so ——.”

“ I speak only out of friendship, to you, Sir : Better would it be for you were this portrait not in your possession. Every sight of it tends only to render you more unhappy.”

“ Then am I already unhappy ?”

“ Yes, if you love Eleonora.”

“ Is it to be unhappy then to love her ?”

“ Yes, since she never can be yours——.”

This was to me a thunder-stroke. I replied, however, though I know not in what

what manner: "You speak very positively, Sir."

"That, Sir, I well may, as I am betrothed to Eleonora, and shall soon call her mine —."

Figure to yourself my situation. — I could not answer another word. — I was ready to sink into the earth. The tears sprang into my eyes. I trembled with grief.

"Will you give me the portrait?" said he once more, with a kind of exulting tone, that had almost provoked me to draw my sword.

"No, though Eleonora were now your wife," said I, fiercely; adding, "I feel that whoever loves her, and is forced to yield her to another, must be beyond measure wretched: But let me tell you, had I



any claim to her heart, I would defend it with the last drop of my blood.—Why should Curtheim have concealed from me that she was betrothed? Was I not with him three days? And were we not friends?”

“ He knew it not himself.”

“ And she lives with him!—impossible!”

“ Has she no will of her own? And to whom should she listen so much as to her father? Besides, was she not a visitor merely? And what visitor discovers all her most intimate concerns to those with whom she may chance to be?”

“ I understand you: But why did you not leave me in the pleasing error, that Eleonora was still free?”

“ Because

“ Because I wished to restore your tranquillity.”

“ Then you are very far from having gained your end.”

“ You are mistaken. Consider, better is it that you should be undeceived in a few days, than remain long in your error, as time would but have strengthened a passion that you must at last have relinquished.”

“ Perhaps so.—But one word, Sir.—your name.”

“ Waldhauffen, a captain of horse, in the Saxon service.”

“ Waldhauffen! — Let me embrace you! You are worthy of Eleonora. You are, indeed a man—the protector of innocence —.”

I pressed him to my bosom. He stood astonished.

“ How came you acquainted with me, Sir ?”

“ I have heard of a most noble action of yours. In a word, you are worthy of Eleonora: But I feel my misfortune the more, in that I cannot hate you. To bear such a disappointment patiently, it is necessary to hate our rival.

He returned my embrace, and would hear how I knew him. I disclosed to him my whole heart. A tear escaped from his eye. I called Lebrecht, and continued my journey.



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MY OWN HISTORY.

**W**HY am I ever destined to be made miserable by love! — Why am I continually to be deceived! — Why am I thus the sport of fate, never to know peace!

These exclamations, which I had so often repeated on former occasions, burst from me anew, as I had quitted my rival, and rode on full of disquietude.

Lebrecht observed my distress, wished to divert me, and would have told me one of his stories; but I forbid him. I was not in a humour to listen to any thing, but my own thoughts.

As this melancholy mood, however, will not probably be very entertaining to my reader, I know not where I shall find a more proper place for giving him my history.

So to begin ———.

When I first became sensible of my existence, I found myself in the cottage of an old woman, whom I called mother. My garments, my manners, my ideas, were those of a peasant. As I had no father, the other children in the village despised me, except Lebrecht, the son of our next neighbour, who was about my own age. I knew no other name but Gothold. The old woman, whose manners were somewhat superior to those of the rest of the village, treated me with great tenderness, and Lebrecht was my constant companion. We went to school together, learned our books diligently, and were called

called good boys by our master. We had so much affection for each other, that I would have sacrificed my life for him, as he would have done for me; but a long and painful separation awaited us. One day, when I was about eight years old, as we were going to school together, two men rid along the road. As they approached us, they stopped. — “Where are you going, children?” said one of them. — “To school.” — “Do you belong to this village?” — “Yes.” — “What are your names?” — Lebrecht told them, and thus very innocently betrayed me. — One of the men now alighted, and said, I must give you something, children: Nor were we a little pleased, as he gave each of us a piece of money. He then asked me many questions about the old woman, whom I called mother, all of which I answered very ingenuously. He then took me up in his arms, gave me to his companion, who placed me before him on his

horse, and rode on. I called out aloud to Lebrecht to help me, who raved after me as if he was distracted; but all in vain: I was soon out of sight.

Early in the evening we came to another village, in which was a very large mansion. My ravisher rode into the court, and gave me to another man, who ran into the house with me, and carried me into a chamber, where sat a man finely dressed, that seemed greatly rejoiced to see me. Presently an elderly man entered, to whom the former gave me, charging me to be a good boy, and obey him as my governor. I did not, however, much like my new companion; he seemed to me cross and ill-natured. I began to cry, and say, that I wanted Lebrecht, and they should fetch him to me. The gentleman smiled, patted my back, and told me, that if I were a good boy I should see Lebrecht again hereafter.

I was.



I was now obliged to go with the old man, whose apartment was at a considerable distance. I had something brought me to eat, and was then put to bed. My bed was in the same room with the old man's. I was heartily tired; yet I slept but little, as I was too much grieved at being so suddenly carried away from Lebrecht and my mother.

The next day the old man gave me a book, out of which I was to learn a lesson. He did not stir from his chamber, but remained in it smoking, writing, and conversing with me. In the day I was obliged to stay with the old man, and sleep by him at night. He scarcely suffered me to look out of the window, though it opened to the garden, and I could see nothing from it but flowers or trees. He seldom went out, and when he did, he either locked me in, or set his daughter to watch me. Of this daughter  
I shall

I shall have occasion to say more hereafter. Several times I begged him to take me with him when he went out; but he constantly refused, saying, that a time would come when I should be again at liberty, but that for the present I must have patience.

Throughout the whole day nobody came to him but his daughter, a girl of about sixteen, called Charlotte, not very handsome, but whose kindness pleased me extremely. As the unvarying life I led was far from pleasing to me, I frequently complained to her of it when we were alone, and often asked her why I was kept so in prison. Many times I actually conceived the design of running away, and was once simple enough to beseech her to let me go. Charlotte begged me not to have such foolish thoughts, as my running away would be the ruin of her and her father. The worthy gentleman, whom  
I saw

I saw on my arrival, had intrusted me to them, and if they suffered me to escape, he would drive them out of the house, and they should lose their bread. She could not tell me the reason why I was detained; but she could say, that the gentleman loved me very much, and would certainly make me a great man, if I were a good boy, and obedient to them.

This was but little consolation to me. Every day my situation grew more irksome; and though it grieved me to think of making the old man and his daughter unhappy, I could not surmount my desire of running away, and seeing Lebrecht again. A year had passed on, yet still I remained a prisoner.

The old man now happened to be taken ill, and was confined to his bed. Charlotte was obliged to be with him, and I began to have more liberty than I had before.

before enjoyed. I first ventured to go upon the steps of the door, and look into the court. This I did frequently, and always came back again of my own accord. I did not just now think of running away, as the novelty of my present state pleased me, being permitted to run about wherever I chose. I at length ventured out of the door, and into the village, and in a short time became acquainted with the other children in it. These again brought Lebrecht to my remembrance, and my desire to return to him was irresistible. I now determined to take flight ; but as I was hungry, I first returned to the house to get something to eat, and some provision to put in my pocket.

As I entered the chamber, Charlotte was crying, and lamenting the death of her father. I saw the old man lying dead on the bed ; went immediately, and took a large slice of bread ; and, as nobody took  
any



any notice of me, tripped down the steps, and out of the house.

I took the first road that offered itself. It was noon, and, every body being at dinner, no one observed me. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, till I was tired. Still I walked on, hoping I should soon see the village I came from, as I doubted not but I was in the road to it. At last my strength was exhausted; the heat of the day overcame me: I lay down under a tree by the road side, and fell asleep.

I know not how long I had slept, when the noise of a carriage awaked me. Lifting up my eyes, I perceived the carriage had stopped, and a lady in it was looking at me attentively. My dress, which bespoke me no poor man's son, and my sleeping in the open air, had caught her attention.

“What

"What do you do here, child?" said she, tenderly.

"I am resting myself."

"Who are you, then?"

"I do not know. My name is Gothold."

"Where are you going?"

"To Lebrecht, and my mother."

"Who is your mother? and who is Lebrecht?"

"My mother is an old woman, and Lebrecht is our neighbour's son."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In a village."

"In

"In what village?"

"I do not know."

"Where is it?"

"I cannot tell."

"And yet you are going thither!—  
That is very strange.—Where do you  
come from?"

"From a great house, there, in a vil-  
lage."

"What is the name of the village?"

"I do not know."

"Whose great house is it that you  
came from?"

"A great gentleman's, I believe."

"What

“ What is his name ?”

“ I cannot tell.”

“ You are certainly run away from it.”

“ Yes, ever since noon.”

“ Why did you run away ?”

“ I wanted to see Lebrecht, and my mother.”

“ How came you to be absent from your mother, and in the great gentleman’s house ?”

I told her my story, as well as I was able : She smiled, and said :

“ Poor child ! come with me, and I will endeavor to bring you to your mother



ther and Lebrecht ; you will never be able to find them yourself."

I would not accept her offer at first ; but as she spoke very kindly to me, and told me that I should die with hunger and thirst, or, perhaps, be eaten up by the wild beasts, I at length consented to be taken into her coach. On the road she asked me many questions, few of which I could answer, as I knew nothing of them.

We travelled till night, when we came to a great city, the sight of which, by the light of the lamps, astonished me greatly. It was Berlin. We alighted at a great house. The lady took me in her hand, and led me into a fine apartment, in which was a gentleman, who received us very cordially. — They gave me something to eat. The lady told the manner in which she found me, and that she meant to keep me till she could discover my parents.

parents. The gentleman asked me many questions, and presently another in a black coat entered, and took me away with him to an apartment, where I found two other boys about my own age.

My reader will easily guess, that this was the tutor of the gentleman's sons. He was a pleasing man, spoke kindly to me, and told me, that if I listened to him I should be well treated.

I slept soundly that night. In the morning the tutor examined me respecting what I had learned. I understood little more than to spell and read; but he bade me be diligent, and he would teach me what would be useful to me hereafter.

SOME

SOME FARTHER LIGHT THROWN ON MY  
HISTORY.

I HAD been a few months in this house, well pleased with my situation, and thinking little of Lebrecht, when I was sent for by the lady who brought me thither. I found with her another lady, elegantly dressed, sitting by her side on a sofa. The former lady rising, said to the other :

“ This is he, my dear friend ——.”

She looked at me eagerly. The tears started into her eyes. Yes, cried she, it is indeed.—She devoured me with kisses. Dear, unfortunate child ! she exclaimed, pressing me to her bosom.—I knew not  
what

what to think, but my heart was moved. I wept, but not from sorrow. She took out her handkerchief to wipe my tears. I kissed her hand, as it passed before my mouth. She talked some time with the other lady; but I did not understand what she said, as she spoke French. She then asked me if I wanted to see Lebrecht again?

O yes! replied I.

“Will you then be a good boy, and learn your book diligently?”

On my promising her I would, she told me, that I should again see Lebrecht.

“You may now go to school again,” said the former lady. The stranger kissed me once more, and I withdrew, with a heart full of joy.

I was



I was desirous of knowing who this lady was that took so much notice of me. I asked my companions, and our tutor; but they probably knew no more than I.

In about a week the lady again sent for me; the other lady was with her. She made me sit by her on the sofa; asked me whether I was a good boy, and whether I would love her. This I promised with the utmost readiness, as I really felt a great affection for her. The door now opened, and in came — Lebrecht. I instantly sprang towards him, and caught him round the neck. He appeared no less delighted to see me.

“ See, my dear Gothold,” said the stranger to me, “ I have again brought you Lebrecht. You may still be his friend; but in future he will be your servant to wait on you.”

I was now happy. I had my old friend again, and what more could I desire? When we were alone, Lebrecht informed me of all that had passed since I was taken from him. The good old woman, when he first told her the news of my being carried away, was almost distracted. She raised the whole village. O how unfortunate she was! she cried; I was a great man's son, and she loved me dearly: I should be demanded of her, and if she could not find me, she should be ruined.

She actually sent some peasants on horseback after me, but it was too late. She had offered a reward for me, and Lebrecht hoped this would have brought me back. In this he found himself disappointed. When the young lady, whom I have mentioned, arrived in a coach with an old gentleman, she chid the old woman severely for not having taken more care of me; and Lebrecht thought that  
the

the gentleman would have beaten the old woman.

Some time after a messenger came to the old woman with a letter. She sent for Lebrecht, told him that I was found, and that he might go to me. This gave him great joy, and he readily accompanied the messenger.

I pondered on Lebrecht's narrative, and concluded, that I must be the son of some persons of consequence; who they were I was still at a loss to conjecture; nor did I give myself much concern about it, now I had recovered my friend.

In this situation I remained half a year longer. The lady, for I knew not her name, came not again during that time. I longed to see her, as I had a great love for her.

One evening, as I was going to bed, our tutor informed me, that I must rise early in the morning, as I had a journey to take. I was not the last to awake, and, as soon as we were dressed, he took me and Lebrecht with him in a coach. We travelled till we came to the same village, and the same house, whence I had before ran away. I trembled for fear that I should be again imprisoned; but the tutor began to comfort me, and tell me I had nothing to fear.

The tutor and I were introduced, whilst Lebrecht staid without, into an apartment, in which I saw — the lady for whom I had so long wished. With her was the gentleman whom I had seen the first time I came to this house. He caught me in his arms.

“Welcome, my son, child of my love!”

I was



I was struck with astonishment. I now looked at him, then at the lady. He asked me why I had run away from him? I told him, because I had been so strictly confined, and wanted to see Lebrecht, begging him, with tears in my eyes, not to send me again to a cross old man, or to take Lebrecht from me.

“ No, dear Gothold ; I will do neither. You gave me much uneasiness, but your friendship for Lebrecht excuses you: I forgive you. You must in future be more dutiful. I am your father, and this is your mother.”

“ My father!—my mother!”—I felt an inexpressible emotion, and fell at his feet, embracing his knees, and kissing his hand.—“ God be praised that I have a father—that I have a mother: I will be obedient: I will be a dutiful son: I will do every thing you bid me.”

He took me up, pressed me to his bosom, and gave me to my mother, who burst into tears.—“Thou hast been to us the child of misery,” said she; “but now thou art the child of joy. God has put an end to our sorrows.”

I was directed to change my travelling dress, and we sat down to dinner. Lebrecht was ordered to wait on me. ~~My~~ Father took him by the hand: “Behave well,” said he, “and you shall be taken care of; my son is your warm friend.”

After dinner, my father told me as much of his and my mother’s history as it was then necessary for me to know. I will now bring my reader acquainted with them.

THE HISTORY OF MY PARENTS.

**M**Y father was a Prussian nobleman, of a good family. His name was Joachim von Manstow. His father died when he was very young, and left him under the tutelage of his mother, a haughty, positive, imperious woman, who made him feel her authority to the day of her death.

As my father had a great propensity to study, she indulged him in his pursuit of science. In it he found so much delight, that he dedicated himself to it intirely. He was a philosopher, a *bel esprit*, an author; but he wrote not for bread, as he had a handsome allowance, and great expectations from his mother.

From his twenty-sixth to his fortieth year he was a traveller. In England, in Italy, he made a considerable stay; but in the Eastern countries, particularly China, he remained still longer. Desirous of nought but knowledge, he was a citizen of the world, and made every country his home.

My grandmother had under her care a very wealthy orphan, Charlotte von Rhedem, the daughter of her most intimate friend. She had given her an education fit for a princess, and as she was handsome, rich, and of a noble family, intended her for her son's wife. She was seventeen when my grandmother thought fit to open her plan to my father. She wrote to him, gave him a most flattering picture of her ward, and ordered him to return home to celebrate the nuptials for which she intended him.

My



My father was then at Venice, on his return from the East. His sentiments respecting marriage were by no means adapted to his mother's designs. He thought of it as a philosopher, and thus the party proposed appeared to him wholly unsuitable. He determined therefore to reject the offer, for reasons which will appear in the following answer to his mother's letter.

"Dear mother,

Respecting the apparently advantageous match you offer me, I must impart to you my sentiments freely.

Charlotte von Rhedem, you say, is young, handsome, well-educated, lively, sensible, and witty. Her talents are most attractive. She understands music, sings excellently, and dances gracefully. She has an ample fortune, intirely at her

own disposal. You add, Is she not a most desirable match?

Yes, dear mother, she is ; but — too good for me.—Let me explain myself.

In the first place, your ward is seventeen years old ; I am forty. At my age I want a wife, not a mistress. What should I do with a beautiful child, to whom I must play the part of a lover and a tutor at the same time ? My wife must be my friend, my adviser. She must be able to conform to my way of life, and take a part in the management of my affairs. She must not feel it irksome to bear me company at home, to take her meals at proper times, to retire to rest before morning, and to rise early. She must prefer the conversation of rational people, whom I esteem, to the bustle of the great world, which I hate. She must shun every amusement that leads not to virtue, and  
feel

feel no pleasure but in those which are conformable to true taste. She must be devout, without bigotry, without ostentation, without pride, without obstinacy, without grimace, and without fantasticalness. She must know how to unite generosity with economy, and frugality with benevolence; and to spare wherewith to assist our friends, and give to the poor. Prudent, and attentive to my conduct; she must lead me to amend my faults with the affectionate tone of friendship, not with the bitterness of reproach. Without being learned, she must not be illiterate; but be sensible of the beauties of authors, in which men of taste delight.

This is the picture of my future wife. From it you will perceive how little the woman you propose is made for me. In the house of a philosopher she would play but an unpleasant part, and would be a poor companion for a man who has thrown

off the yoke of prejudice, under which the present age too generally groans.

My inclinations are for peace and the muses. I prefer reality to external appearance, temperance to luxury, the convenient to the superfluous, and simple nature to ostentation. I love old friends, old books, old wine. My wife must not be more than ten years younger than myself. For me novelty has no charms, and a young wife would be coveting every thing that bore its stamp.

You will think, perhaps, my dear mother, that I am too nice—that I counteract my own happiness—and that I moulder unknown in obscurity, whilst my equals make the most brilliant figure.—It may be so.—My ambition is easily satisfied; and were I to marry a wife who possessed millions, it would make little difference to me. Her dowry should remain her own.



own. I abhor the idea, that woman is the slave of man; and with respect to her property, to deprive her heirs of it would be unjust.

You see, Madam, how easily I avoid the dangerous shoals of self-interest. — Whether I am capable of making a woman happy, I leave to yourself to decide; for my own part, I have no doubt of it.

In what, indeed, does the happiness of marriage between two people of sense and feeling consist? Solely in the art of maintaining a constant mutual love—a love that is but an exalted friendship, founded on esteem. Preventing tenderness, and a certain delicacy of behaviour to each other, must preserve it; sweet confidence and affectionate communication support it; virtue and constancy must ingraft in the heart a certain degree of truth and affection,

tion, that will remain unchanged through every period of life.

I, probably, entertain notions which the many may ridicule ; but I trust they will not despise me for my principles, whilst I do not blush at them. Hitherto I have done nothing that has disgraced my birth. The world esteems me a man of probity. My moral character is such, that a rational woman may certainly live happily with me, provided she be my own choice. I am cheerful without being boisterous ; hasty, but not violent ; thoughtful in my closet, but endeavoring to render myself agreeable in society. I hate gaming — detest drinking — and love women only when they deserve it ; then, indeed, they have my whole soul.

Hence you may perceive, that I am well calculated for the husband of many women ; but not of Charlotte von Rhedem,

dem, for whom, however, I have the greatest esteem. In all other things I shall be happy to obey you; but with respect to the choice of a wife, I must request you to leave it to myself, as best calculated for it, &c. &c. &c."

My grandmother smiled, yet was vexed at this letter. She thought her son nothing more or less than a pedant; still she had not learned to bear opposition to her will, and her pride was alarmed. The match between my father and her ward was her favorite project, which nothing could tempt her to give up. Knowing, however, her son's firmness, she determined to effectuate her purpose by art, as more likely to succeed than force. — She wrote to him then, that the proposal of Charlotte was a mere casual idea; that he might marry as he pleased, and she would leave it to him to make

a choice; but requested, that he would return home.

She doubted not but Charlotte's charms would soon gain my father's heart, and thus she should attain her ends without difficulty, and without risking a quarrel.



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THE HISTORY OF MY PARENTS  
CONTINUED.

**M**Y father came home. He saw Charlotte—as a friend. Had he been younger, and less a philosopher, perhaps he would have seen her with the eyes of an admirer; but as a wife she was too far from what he wished to make him alter his sentiments. Her charms, and they were not few, were lost on him.

The most disagreeable part of the business to him was, his finding Charlotte to have a growing inclination for him. My father was a tall, handsome man, graceful and majestic in figure. Native genius, improved by cultivation, and polished by travelling, rendered the expression

sion of his countenance extremely pleasing. His mother perceived her ward's inclination for him with great satisfaction; but the instant my father suspected it, he endeavored to eradicate it.

Whilst his mother anxiously expected him to declare his passion for Charlotte, accident threw another in his way, who at once rendered all her hopes abortive.—My father was going to visit a nobleman at some distance. One morning he stopped to refresh himself at that village, in which I have already told my readers I passed my earliest days. It was a fine romantic country, and whilst his horses rested he went to take a walk. A beautiful rivulet, murmuring along a shady valley, tempted him to follow its course. He had not advanced far before he discovered a lady sitting, with a book in her hand, at the foot of an old oak. She was a tall, fair woman, arrived at that period of life when discretion

discretion gives an air of sedateness to beauty. She was dressed in white, a black velvet zone encircling her waist. My father bowed as he passed her. He looked back. He could not resist the propensity he felt to make a circuit through the wood, in order to see her again. He arrived at the tree — she was gone. He felt disappointed. He looked every way, but saw her not. Dissatisfied with himself, he was undetermined which way to bend his course, when, as she turned an angle of the river, he perceived her walking on slowly the way he had before taken, and still reading. He pursued the same path. It was not long before he overtook her.

“Pardon me, Madam,” said he; “but fate seems to have led me hither to bring us acquainted with each other. I am a stranger; the pleasantness of this valley induced

induced me to take a walk in it. Will you permit me to accompany you?"

The lady assented. Their eyes had already said more to each other. My father asked what she was reading? — "The Poems of the Baron of Manstow. I never peruse them without fresh delight, the sentiments so intirely accord with my own."

"You have read all his works, I presume."

"Yes, Sir; he is my favorite author. His philosophical pieces and romances please me extremely. In the former we find a philosophy for every day's use, intelligible to the unlearned, and to women; the latter are nature in her true garb. Novel writers should give us pictures of the world as it really is, and not in caricature, or exalted above the reach of human nature.



ture. I feel these defects when I read a Richardson or a Scarron. The Baron of Manstow paints with accuracy, and awakens every feeling of the soul. I must own, when my heart beats in unison with the sentiments he expresses, I cannot avoid a wish to be acquainted with him, and testify to him my esteem —."

My father must have been no poet, had he been insensible to such praises from such a mouth. He could scarce forbear discovering himself. For the present he did, however, inquiring with whom he had the honor of conversing.

" I am of Berlin. Counsellor Goffmann is my father. As I am fond of the country, I generally get leave to spend part of the summer here, at a pleasant cottage, the house of my old nurse. The clergyman of the parish was formerly my tutor. The society of him and his wife  
contributes

contributes to make my time pass agreeably."

"Your life must be very pleasant; but — I am extremely sorry that time will not permit me longer to enjoy your company. Will you give me permission to call on you on my return?"

"May I know, Sir, who asks it?"

"You have me in your hand, Madam."

"The Baron of Manstow!—Is it possible!"

My father assured her that he was the person, kissed her hand, and left her full of astonishment. —

This, then, said she to herself, was the man whom I have so often admired, whose  
sentiments

sentiments are so consonant to my own. He is a charming man.—Certain emotions which she felt in her heart, she durst not examine too narrowly into; but returned home to read some more of his works.

The nobleman, whom my father was visiting, resided about twenty miles from Mergentheim, so the village was called, in which he found Miss Goffmann. The impression this lady made on him was not easy to be obliterated. She occupied all his thoughts. At the nobleman's house he found the rector of Mergentheim. How did he devour his words, when his conversation chanced to turn on her who so engaged his attention!

“The lady deserves a better fate,” said the clergyman, “than has fallen to her lot. I was her tutor, and I know that she has few equals. She possesses a noble mind,

mind, and an understanding that would do honor to most men. She is passionately fond of reading; but she does not sacrifice to it those little offices which are the peculiar duties of a woman. She is an excellent housewife, and she is a most affectionate friend. Pity that she is not more in favor with her father, who even refuses to give her any fortune, so that she still remains unmarried, though now six and twenty. A vile stepmother has deprived her of her father's affection. — She employs the most insidious means to rob the worthy girl of all she can, and hitherto she has but too well succeeded. Miss Goffmann is happy to escape from her persecutions sometimes into the country, and I endeavor, all in my power, to amuse her, and alleviate her fate."

The clergyman's narrative rivetted my father's affection for Clarissa, so Miss Goffmann was called; but he said nothing of  
of



of his ever having seen her, though he did not forget to visit her on his return.

On this visit they were more familiar, and the esteem they had conceived for each other was already ripened into love: But as my father was far from precipitate in his determinations, doing nothing without mature consideration, he forbore to open his heart to Clarissa, only requesting permission to visit her again shortly.

In a few days he returned. He disclosed his love, and found that it was reciprocal. A mutual promise of marriage was the consequence of this interview; and my father doubted not but that he should happily overcome every obstacle which might oppose his wishes.

True to his character, he ever chose to take the straight forward way, hating every

thing that bore the appearance of duplicity. His acquaintance with the world, indeed, told him, that thus he could not always hope for success; yet his probity exacted of him to make trial of it before he had recourse to art.

His mother was the first to whom he disclosed his resolution of marrying Clarissa. The manner in which she received this news may easily be imagined. She had two grand reasons against the match, her regard for Charlotte, whom she had long looked upon as her daughter, and family pride. The want of portion was more easy to be gotten over.

Immediately to contradict her son she considered as impolitic, knowing, that it would only confirm him in his resolution. She determined, therefore, to have recourse to artifice. To my father she only said, that she would think of it—that she could wish

wish him not to be too precipitate—that, indeed, she had many objections to the match with Clarissa — though, perhaps, they might be removed—but that above all things Charlotte must be appeased.

Counsellor Goffman had a dissolute son, who, however, had contrived to get the good-will of his stepmother, and thus, notwithstanding his ill-conduct, preserved his father's favor. This son he wished to get into the army; but objections were made, partly on account of his birth, which was not noble, partly as his personal character was but indifferent.

General St. \*\*\* was a favorite of the king. In his younger days he had been an admirer of my grandmother, and could not now easily refuse her any thing; she therefore informed Mr. Goffmann, that her son had an inclination to his daughter, but that it by no means met her appro-



ation; and, if he would prevent Clarissa from marrying him, she would procure his son a commission.

All this took place before my father made his proposals to the counsellor. When he did he met a refusal, Mr. Goffmann telling him that Clarissa should never marry a nobleman; and young Goffmann, at the request of general St. \* \* \*, was made a cornet of hussars.

My father did every thing in his power to induce his mother to alter her opinion, hoping, that he should, without difficulty, be able to bring Mr. Goffmann to change his. The old lady, confiding in the latter, appeared to yield; and he now, ignorant of the conspiracy against him, bent all his force to prevail on Clarissa's father, but in vain. The counsellor had secretly pledged his word to my grandmother, and would not forfeit it.

Nothing



Nothing strengthened my father's resolves so much as opposition. He was determined to wed Clarissa at all events. He had tried the straight way—he had failed of success; he must now have recourse to other means, and concluded on a private marriage.

Clarissa was still at Mergentheim, as her stepmother was not very eager to have her at home. My father profited by this. — He proposed to her to marry him privately, thinking thus to oblige her father to give his consent, when his refusal could no longer be of service. Clarissa yielded to it. The clergyman married them in the presence of two witnesses, and the nuptials were celebrated in the house of the nurse.

The most fatal accident in the world now befel the unfortunate lovers. Mr. Goffmann was acquainted, that my father

frequently visited his daughter at Mergentheim. He feared the consequences of this, and determined, without delay, to fetch her home. His son, the cornet, was dispatched for Clarissa. My father's servant, whom my grandmother had bought over to her side, informed him, that his master was to stay that night with Clarissa for the first time. Of the marriage he said nothing, for he was unacquainted with it.

Young Goffmann considered his sister as about to dishonor her family. He hastened, therefore, to Mergentheim, resolving, as soon as he was convinced of the fact, to wash out her shame in the blood of both the offenders.

He could not reach the village, however, before morning. On his knocking at the old woman's door, she, little suspecting who was her so early visitor, opened  
it.

it. Knowing where his sister usually slept, he rushed into the chamber, the door of which was unlocked. My father awoke at the noise. He started up, and saw at his bed's feet a man in an hussar uniform. Villain, cried the latter, drawing his sabre, have I detected thee? Luckily my father's sword was at hand; he had just time to draw it. My mother's shrieks were not able to prevent the fatal catastrophe, for her brother was already on the floor weltering in his blood. His servant would have stopped my father; but he threatened him with his already reeking sword, and flew to the house of the clergyman, where he procured a few cloaths, mounted his horse, and rode off with all possible speed.

My mother found that her brother was not killed, though grievously wounded. A surgeon was sent for, and he was left at the old woman's, whilst she went to her



parents at Berlin, to acquaint them with the sad accident. Her reception may easily be conceived. The circumstance of her marriage she concealed, at the instigation of the clergyman, who persuaded her that it would probably be worse for herself and him. Her brother's wounds mended, and in a few months he was perfectly recovered.

The consequences of this adventure, however, were not light. Mr. Goffmann had recourse to the law. My father not being present to make his defence, and the judges being always disposed to favor the king's officers, he was easily found to have been the aggressor, and warrants were issued for apprehending him.

As soon as my father heard this he was obliged to fly his country, till some favorable opportunity for returning should occur. He went first to Venice, and thence with

an



an Italian Count to Asia, thus bidding adieu to Europe for some time.

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THE HISTORY OF MY PARENTS  
CONCLUDED.

**T**O this unfortunate wedding-night was I indebted for my existence. My mother soon perceived an alteration, which she was unable to conceal from her stepmother. The latter was not sorry for it, considering her as dishonored by her lover, which was what she wished. My grandfather, however, looking upon his daughter's situation as a disgrace to the whole family, sent her again to Mergentheim, there to conceal her shame.

When I was born I was registered as the lawful son of Joachim, Baron of Manstow;

but as my birth was carefully concealed, I knew not of whom I was the son. My mother soon returned to Berlin, and, as her visit to the country was nothing unusual, her most intimate friends were ignorant of what had occurred. I remained under the care of the old woman, whom I called mother, and the clergyman attended to my education as much as he could, without creating suspicion.

Some years passed on without any thing worthy notice occurring, when an unexpected scene of trouble opened on my mother. My father had not been heard of for some time. My grandmother fell dangerously ill, and made a will, in which she left all her estates to Charlotte von Rhedem, in case her son should not return.

My mother now thought it necessary to make public my birth, and her marriage  
with

with my father. She wrote to my grandmother, informing her, that she was the wife of her son, and praying her not to be too precipitate in making her will, as she had a child living by him, who had a just claim to her estates. My grandmother, as may be supposed, was not a little surprised at this news. She sent for Mr. Goffmann, discovered the affair to him, and offered him two thousand pounds if he would procure the marriage to be declared null.

My grandfather was much in debt. The horrors of a prison stared him in the face, and nothing could come to him so opportunely. He snatched at the offer, and advised my grandmother to bring the case before a court of justice.

She did so. A judicial inquiry into the affair was entered upon. The clergyman proved the due performance of the cere-



mony ; but the counsellor and my grandmother declared, that they had not given their consents. This my mother could not deny ; her adversaries were powerful, and the judges passed a decree, by which her marriage was invalidated, and the clergyman was suspended from his office for three months, as a punishment for having acted contrary to law.

My grandmother, in the mean time, recovered ; nor was she a little rejoiced at having thus dissolved the marriage of her son with my mother, which she so much detested.

This affair, however, bore hard on my mother. Openly dishonored, she knew not how she should survive her shame. Often she thought of writing to my father, to beg him to return home ; but was he still living ? and, if he were, whither should she write ? She recollected the name of  
his



his banker at Venice, and to him she at length resolved to hazard a letter. Fortunately he had some knowledge of my father's course; but it was a twelvemonth before this letter came to his hands at Alexandria. He instantly set off on his return; yet still adverse fate seemed on every occasion determined to retard his progress.

He at length arrived, though it was well-nigh too late. His mother was at the point of death. She exerted herself in her dying moments, to make him promise to renounce Clarissa, and marry her ward. He could not, perhaps, have refused her at such a time, had not Charlotte herself nobly interposed. She would not owe his hand, she said, to any thing but his own free choice. My grandmother died, and left her purpose unaccomplished.

Still

Still my father was obliged to remain incognito, as the criminal process was yet open against him. His first care was to do away this, in which he succeeded, through the assistance of a prince, who was greatly in favor with the king.

He now resolved to acknowledge my mother publicly his wife; and as his former marriage had been declared null, it was necessary that the ceremony should be repeated. My mother was then with a relation, at some distance, who kept so strict a guard over her, that she knew nothing of what passed. My father, in the mean time, determined to take me from the old woman, and succeeded, as I have already related. My mother soon after returning home, heard this news, as she passed through Mergentheim, which lay in her way, with no little sorrow, as she could attribute it to no one but her father.

This,

This, however, would soon have been cleared up; had not another accident happened, which separated my parents for a time, and prevented their so much desired union from taking place.

My father, to amuse himself during his exile, had written a book, which the duke of — considered as a satire on himself and his court. He had impatiently expected the return of my father, to avenge himself, and for this he now found an opportunity. Conscious of no offence, as he had in reality meant none, my father was accompanying Charlotte von Rhedem, who afterwards became the wife of an Hessian officer, to the house of a relation, who lived in the territories of the duke. The prince heard of this, which no one thought of keeping secret, and ordered my father to be arrested, and conveyed to the castle of —. Here he was confined.



a whole year before the interposition of the king procured his release.

In the mean time the old man, to whom my father had left the management of his estate, and the care of me, died. I had seized this opportunity to escape, little thinking that I was flying from the house of my father. Fortunately I was met with, as I have already related, by a lady, who was a friend of my mother. Under her protection I remained till the second marriage of my parents, which took place immediately on my father's release, the counsellor opposing it no longer.

THE



THE READER MAY NOW RETURN TO MY  
OWN HISTORY.

**A**T length all the troubles of my parents were rewarded with the most consummate happiness. A more thorny path was prepared for me, and but for my firmness, which I inherited from my father, inevitable ruin must have been my fate.

My education was of the best, and from my parent I caught that love of science by which he had been distinguished. I at least possessed diligence and application, so that the pains bestowed on me were not wholly thrown away. I was the pride of my parents, though, perhaps, not the less for being their only child.

As

At eighteen I was sent to the academy at Königsberg, where I remained till four and twenty, when I was sent on my travels. At my departure, my father said to me :

“ It is necessary that you should see the world, and you are now of an age to do it with advantage. At your return you shall chuse a wife for yourself. I wish you to marry at an earlier period than I did, though not too soon. About thirty is, perhaps, the most eligible time for contracting so important an engagement. Take care of your heart in the mean time ; yet, if you should not be able to keep it perfectly under command, at least let your choice be such as I may with reason approve. I feel I know not what presentiment that tells me, you will not bring it back as free as it is when you depart ; but this I must leave to fate, and your own prudence.”

Who

Who could have supposed, that my father's presage would have been so fatally fulfilled!—Yet let me not anticipate my story.—I will only remark, that love prepared for me much misery.

I had traversed most of the southern parts of Europe, and was now in Paris. A twelvemonth I remained there, still a stranger to the power of love, when at length the time of trial arrived.

I was about thirty when I became acquainted with Miss Belville, whose father had been an officer in the French service. She was an orphan, just of age, and in possession of a large fortune. It was not her wealth, however, that first attracted me; it was her wit and understanding. I visited her frequently, solely for the pleasure of her conversation, as I imagined. She seemed as much pleased with my company as I with hers. She was perfectly



fectly beautiful, with such an unaffected modesty in her demeanor, as, whilst it was not possible to be insensible to her charms, repressed all licentious wishes.

I flattered not myself with the least hope of making her mine. I thought not of it, and therefore took no steps to effect it. My apparent indifference she attributed to respect, trusting that her merits were sufficient to win my love. Convinced, as she believed herself, of the goodness of my heart, she thought she could not, without ingratitude, oppose my wishes, and resolved to offer me her hand.

Let me not, however, be supposed to accuse her of any breach of modesty. In framing this supposition she built less on her charms than their superiority would have justified. She frequently assured me, with every appearance of sincerity, that she should have doubted her being able to



to inspire me with a tenderness for her, had not her fortune given her something to presume on, and in me gratitude effected what passion was unable to do.

This gratitude, indeed, would, with difficulty, have grown up into love, had not her beauty asserted its claim; for what was wealth to me, satisfied with my paternal inheritance? But I had unsuspectingly become her slave, and nothing now retarded our union but the consent of my parents; we had plighted our troth, and sworn eternal fidelity to each other; yet what are a woman's oaths but instruments to betray us, and make us offerings at the shrine of pride?

At first Miss Belville gave me the most unequivocal proofs of affection. I saw not the least reason to dread her inconstancy. Soon, however, a circumstance happened that gave me some uneasiness.

What

What shall we say of a woman who meets a man more than half way, and afterwards flies off from him? Either she is a coquette, who feeds every one with false hopes, or she has a fickle heart framed but to deceive.

I had been told that Miss Belville had formerly loved a Count de la Salle, who had lately been some time in the country. I was also informed, that he had visited her since his return to Paris. Perhaps it was a foreboding of my future misfortunes that rendered this intelligence particularly alarming. All the circumstances too of my becoming acquainted with Miss Belville appeared suspicious, and seemed to presage no good.

I sought to confirm my suspicions, but could discover nothing. I at length fancied I had certain proofs, that the Count had not visited Miss Belville since my acquaintance

acquaintance with her, and, attributing the whole report to malice, my confidence in her returned.

When my mind was fully quieted, I imparted to her the suspicions I had entertained, but in the slightest terms. She seemed afflicted at them, and assured me, in the most solemn manner, that, though she had been acquainted with the Count de la Salle, she had never loved him; that she had merely permitted herself to coquette with him out of frolic; and that since he left Paris she had never thought of him more. As I still appeared a little uneasy, mistress of her art, she had recourse to tears, and, with the most cajoling assurances, persuaded me of her innocence. Who can withstand the tears of beauty? — I fell on her neck, and swore that I would never again suspect her fidelity.

She



She now offered me the most convincing testimony of her sincerity. How easy, said she, may evil-minded persons again disturb your peace ! How soon may the most scandalous falsehoods again lead you to doubt my truth ! — Let us take precautions against such an event. Let us enter into a written engagement to marry each other, under penalty of five thousand pounds, to be paid by the retracting party.

I agree to it, replied I, provided I can obtain the consent of my parents. To this she did not object, and the bond was accordingly executed. I fancied that I had now attained the summit of my wishes, holding, as a bride in my arms, her whom I thought the loveliest of women ; nor did I doubt that my choice of a wife must be approved.

I now



I now awaited with impatience the approbation of my parents, which was all that delayed the priest's sealing my engagements with Miss Belville. Instead of this I received a letter from my mother, requesting me instantly to return home, as my father was at the point of death, and desired to see me once more before he died. My marriage was to be deferred till I had discoursed with my father on the subject, when particulars might be more fully entered into.

The indifference I had entertained for Miss Belville was now changed into the most unbounded passion. To be obliged to return home before we were united by the most sacred ties was to me highly painful; still I could not withstand the call of parental affection. On my departure Miss Belville repeated the most solemn vows of fidelity, and I went full

of the sweet hope of soon conducting her to my native country.

I found my father so ill as to give little hopes of recovery; but neither he nor my mother seemed much to approve my passion for the fair French woman. Each wished me to have chosen one of my own country, and, indeed, rather of merit than family or fortune. The circumstance of the bond did not much please my father, and he thought that every thing was to be feared from a woman arrived at her years, who had so little delicacy as to offer herself to a man, particularly so little known to her as I was.

Love, however, had too much blinded me to permit me to adopt my father's suspicions. Philosophers say, that love is the parent of jealousy and distrust; this my example contradicts. Tell a lover things to the prejudice of his mistress, he will

will rather treat them as calumnies than fail in his affection, till the consequences awaken him to a most painful sense of his error.

I exerted myself in defence of the conduct of the woman I adored, and had the satisfaction to find my father no longer oppose my wishes; still, to my grief, he flattered me with no pleasing prospects from my passion.

At length my father died. Previous to his death, he had recommended me to act with the utmost prudence and circumspection in the affair of my marriage, leaving my final determination wholly to myself, as being best qualified to judge what was most conducive to my own happiness. I took possession of his estates, the management of which I left to my mother till I should have solemnized my marriage. In the mean time I received



a most affectionate letter from Miss Belville, in which she expressed the utmost impatience for my coming to Paris, when she would quit that city to return with me to my native country. The very same post brought me a letter from an intimate friend, whom I had secretly charged to inspect the conduct of my intended bride. This gave me the unpleasing information that the Count de la Salle was in Paris soon after my departure, and appeared on the most intimate footing with Miss Belville. In my next letter I could not avoid touching on this circumstance; yet in such terms, that she could not justly accuse me of mistrusting her virtue and fidelity. To my astonishment this was her answer :

“ I know not how I have deserved the reproaches you make me respecting the Count de la Salle ; he is returned to Paris it is true, but not at my command. Perhaps



haps he had heard of my intimacy with you, and was willing to satisfy himself of the truth of it. It is to be lamented, that he knew not how to secure my affection before I bestowed it on you ; for I will not deny that he was a constant and deserving admirer of mine ; still, I perceive, this insignificant affair gives you uneasiness. I cannot help it.—Farewell !—

Yours,

JANE BELVILLE.”

What could be a more convincing proof of her inconstancy than this letter ? yet did I endeavor to think it at least equivocal. My love for the unworthy woman offered me a thousand excuses for her conduct. In the mildest terms, therefore, I prayed her to set my heart at peace by an unambiguous exposition of her sentiments.

H 3

My

My father's prediction now began to be too severely accomplished. Instead of justifying herself of framing some excuse for her falsehood, which, at least, I flattered myself she would have done, the following answer proved her as base and vile as she was faithless.

“ Your anger, Sir, pleases me extremely ; it convinces me of your love a thousand times more than your most solemn asseverations ; it is a lively proof of your disposition, and, I own, much to my taste. I am greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to render yourself agreeable to me ; from which I now release you, as in future I desire from you no proofs of affection. Your hatred is all I wish. For this I shall endeavor to give you sufficient reason, though I am not a whit the less

Your devoted servant,

JANE BELVILLE.  
P. S.

P. S. A few days ago I loved you to distraction, but not one moment longer. Mark that. — Adieu !”

What can be conceived more terrible to a lover—to a bridegroom almost—than such a letter ! What a fool, cried I, stamping the letter under my feet, to be so deceived by such a woman ! Vile wretch ! What could it benefit thee to rob me of my peace, of a heart that thou wouldst keep but for a few days ? Why didst thou fan a flame to such a height as to make it inextinguishable ?—Such is the nature of women !—Long may a man languish at their feet unheard, and at last to be repaid with scorn ; and if he refuse to pay homage to their treacherous charms, they throw themselves into his arms, merely to chain him to the wheels of the triumphal car of their inconstancy. —



Had I not loved this woman from my very soul, her faithless and contemptuous behaviour would have less affected me; but I adored her more as a goddess than as a mortal being; nor could her vile conduct eradicate my tyrannical passion. For some days I rambled about unknowing what I did. I sat motionless for hours stupified with grief, or roved distractedly, burning with the fiercest pangs of jealousy, and disappointed love. I abhorred Miss Belville as a detestable monster; yet, strange contradiction, I loved her still! I loved her with a phrensy at which my soul shuddered.

At length, after a long conflict betwixt love and hatred, in which my mother took the part of the latter, and did her utmost to persuade me to relinquish the false woman for ever, the former, as is generally the case with the human heart, gained the day. I determined to return  
to



to Paris, and either effect a reconciliation, or take a most complete revenge.

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MY HISTORY CONTINUED.

**N**O sooner had I resolved on my journey, but I executed it with the utmost dispatch. On my arrival at Paris, I instantly went to Miss Belville's, and—was denied admittance!—I learned from the servant that the Count de la Salle was with her. Incensed to the utmost, I would have rushed into her apartment, and sacrificed them both to my resentment; but this her domestics prevented. I had no resource but to await in the street my rival's coming out, when fortunately my friend the Count de Sermin passed by. He exposed to me the danger of such a step, which could not fail to in-

volve me in the most distressing embarrassment, if I accomplished my purpose. This, probably, would have availed little in my then mood, had he not found a stronger argument. He put me in mind of the contract, and advised me to cite Miss Belville, who was on the point of being married to the Count, before a court of justice. This, he said, would throw an obstacle in the way of the marriage, and at any rate I might take my revenge of the Count at my leisure.

I followed his advice. Miss Belville's friends, however, were powerful, and I was a stranger. The spiritual court annulled the contract, condemning her only in a small fine to the poor. I appealed from this sentence to the parliament, not so much hoping its revocation, as that in the mean time Miss Belville would be brought to a just sense of her misconduct, and receive me to her arms; for, notwithstanding  
her

her baseness, so extreme was my love, that this was my utmost wish ; yet her singular depravity led to an event that I had little foreseen, an event, that, compelling me to despise her, proved the grave of my affection.

Women of the most libertine dispositions generally endeavor to hide their shame from the world ; but Miss Belville thought proper publicly to proclaim hers, and openly avow her having swerved from the paths of honor. She presented a petition to the spiritual court, in which she declared herself pregnant by another, and prayed, that, as a speedy marriage was necessary to preserve her honor, I might be compelled to marry her within eight days, or renounce all claim to her person, and pay the fine specified in the bond.

This step astonished all the world, and placed me in an unexpected dilemma. I



was told, that the spiritual court would soon pronounce sentence against me ; and thus was I on the brink of being the victim of the basest chicane. To marry her thus was impossible, and to throw away five thousand pounds, at the same time making myself the jest of this wretch and my rival, was insupportable. What could I do ? — My friend advised me to quit Paris with speed, and give up my suit.

Still this singular woman would not be satisfied with obtaining a victory over me in our judiciary contest, but determined also to make me sacrifice my virtue. She had not, however, taken sufficient precautions for her own security, and thus fell herself a sacrifice to her own plot. — The instant I was preparing to depart, I received the following billet :

“ My

“ My dear Manstow,

If yet one spark of that love you have so often sworn to me remain unextinguished in your heart, come to me for a few minutes this evening. I desire nothing so ardently as your forgiveness, and therefore wish to see you once more; nor am I less than ever,

Your devoted

JANE BELVILLE.”

I must confess an opportunity of telling her my sentiments fully, and upbraiding her in person, was not unwelcome to me. I thought not of the snare she had laid for me, and, indeed, I believed myself proof against all her charms.

On entering her house, I was conducted to a chamber, to which I had never before

fore been admitted, that seemed destined only for secret rendezvous. At any other time its beauties would have charmed me. I was not now without feeling their influence; it was the temple of luxury decorated by the hand of taste. On a sofa, reclined Miss Belville, in a most enchanting attitude. The instant she saw me she threw her arms round my neck. Her long auburn tresses flowed down her ivory bosom, that strongly palpitated as it pressed hard on mine.

“Do you know me, Miss Belville?” said I. — “I am your abused, scorned, and rejected lover.”

“But not my enemy——” said she, with a look that went through my heart. “It is true,” she continued, “I have given you reason to hate, to detest me. I am prepared for your reproaches; but I could not bear that you should leave  
me



me with enmity. We must be reconciled. Married now we cannot be; but yet — we may give one sweet hour to former friendship — Let not our envious fate rob us of that —.”

My resolution failed as I felt her lips press mine with an ardor that awakened my stifled passion. She took my hand, and I resisted not whilst she led me to the sofa.

“ Do not refuse me forgiveness, dear Manstow !” said she, carrying my hand to her lips, and adding, as she let it fall on her bosom, “ how warmly my heart still beats for you !”

“ You have used me cruelly,” replied I ; “ but yet—I feel—that my soul is still yours.”

At

At these words she embraced me with such warmth, that the tears flowed from my eyes, whilst I reflected that our love had met its grave.

“Inconceivable woman! exclaimed I; how canst thou be so tender, so lovely, and yet so base!”

“Base!—No; had I been that, your body had been long ago food for worms. Weak I am, I confess—but not base—and weakness —.”

“Stop——attempt not to justify yourself, if you expect my pardon. What was it but baseness to require that I should marry you, after having publicly proclaimed yourself dishonored? And what else was that vile chicanery, by which you meant to draw from me five thousand pounds?—To justify thee, the fruit of thy shame must be the child of an angel.”

At

At this she burst out into a laugh, and, looking on me with the greatest serenity, whilst she still grasped my hand, she replied :

“ View me well. Observe the brightness of these eyes — the bloom of these cheeks, uncontaminated by rouge—these lips—and if you be not convinced that it was all a falsehood, you know little of woman.”

“ Be it so—I will believe appearances ; but does this lessen, or aggravate your baseness ?—I think the latter.”

“ And why ?”

“ It requires no explanation.”

“ I only wished to make you drop your pretensions. Will you term that baseness ?



baseness?—Indeed, you must forgive me, should this embrace cost you your life.”

So saying, she threw her arms round me, smothered me with kisses, and added, in a voice that would have roused the dead: “Speak—am I not still dear to thee!”

I had no power to disengage myself from her arms, and began too strongly to feel her sway.—I was about to repay her tenderness with equal tokens of it, and her purpose would have been fully accomplished, when—on a sudden—the door flew open.—The Count de la Salle entered.—His sword was out in an instant.—Totally defenceless, I was on the point of falling.

“By the Almighty God, Manstow,” exclaimed Miss Belville, “this is not my doing ;

doing ; I will protect thy life with my own."

She rushed forward to stop the hand of the enraged Count, and received his weapon in her bosom. I caught her in my arms as she fell.—A servant entering at the noise, the Count had not time to attack me, but flew out at the door, and in the confusion made his escape.—Covered with the blood of the breathless beauty, I was more dead than alive.

In this distressing situation what was to be done ? — I feared being arraigned for the murder.—The sword of the Count, however, which he left behind him, bore testimony in my favor ; and the evidences of the domestics, though not eye-witnesses of the scene, must tend to exculpate me. To conceal the whole affair was impossible, as Miss Belville was of a considerable family. The terms on which I stood

stood with her were well known, and my flight would have had the appearance of guilt. Resolving, therefore, to recite the whole affair to her relations, and rely on the justice of my cause for my vindication, I immediately dispatched a messenger for one of her nearest friends, to whom I gave a faithful account of the whole affair, offering to remain in custody till all doubts should be cleared up.

He was inclined to believe my innocence; but still my well-known law-suit with Miss Belville gave room for suspicion. An officer of justice was sent for, and I was put into confinement, as were also the domestics. The Count de la Salle was sought after; but he had quitted Paris, which tended to corroborate my assertions.

What a tragic end was this to my first love! Thirty years had I lived a stranger  
to



to its power, when I was fated to bestow my heart on a faithless woman, who robbed me of peace and happiness. This woman fell a victim to her own depravity, and was murdered in my arms. O woman! formed by Providence to sweeten the cares of life, how often dost thou counteract the order of nature, and render man supremely miserable!

I could not have supported my distress, had not the friendly attention of the Count de Sermin exerted itself to rouse all my fortitude. Still a deep melancholy took possession of me, that I have never yet been able intirely to shake off. Whilst others have quaffed the cup of joy in full draughts, it has frequently robbed me of my share.

At length my innocence was acknowledged, and I was released from prison. The Count de la Salle had fled to Spain,  
and

and thence to South-America. What became of him I know not, for I never heard of him after.

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#### MY RETURN TO GERMANY.

**I** LEFT Paris as soon as possible. The objects that offered themselves on my journey served a little to dissipate my melancholy; yet still life was a burden, which afforded me little prospect of any future enjoyment. Little did I imagine that my heart would ever again become the prey of love; but, perhaps, he who has lost the object of his affection is most susceptible of it. The void made in his heart requires to be filled up, or he willingly reposes on what promises to supplant his griefs.

As

As I passed through Cassel I halted a few days at that place. One evening I went to the French theatre, to see Moliere's *L'Avare*. A lady, about fifty, who sat in the same box with me, was struck with my thoughtful deportment. The most comic passages had no effect upon me. The more she observed me, the more I excited her attention. At length she accosted me :

“ You very much resemble, Sir, a man with whom I was well acquainted thirty years ago.

“ I am yet scarcely thirty years old, Madam.”

“ I perceive, Sir, you are not the same person—but such a resemblance!—Will you do me the favor to tell me your name?”

“ Manstow,



“ Manstow, Madam.”

“ Good God ! you are the son of the man for whom I had once a great esteem, and under whose mother’s care I was brought up.”

“ Charlotte von Rhedem !”

“ The same. You no doubt have heard of my marriage with the Baron of Bille-rode : He is now at this place, a general in the Hessian service.”

“ This, Madam, is a happiness I little expected. My father has often spoken to me highly of you.”

“ Is he still living ?”

In reply to this I gave her an account of his death, and a part of my history, in which she seemed much interested. She  
begged

begged me to accompany her home, where, she said, I should find a sincere friend of my father's. I did so. The general received me with great cordiality, and I was pressed to stay supper. The cloth was laid for five persons, and soon entered his son, a lieutenant in the army, and his daughter, a young lady about twenty.

What was my astonishment, what my feelings, when in this daughter I saw the most exact resemblance of Miss Belville ! For a time I could not believe but that it was all delusion. The general placed me betwixt his wife and daughter. I ate little, for my attention was too much occupied by the latter. When she spoke, it was with the enchanting voice of her I mourned ; nor was she inferior in wit or understanding. Her heart, I doubted not, was far superior. I already began to flatter myself that she was destined to restore my peace, and looked on this adventure

as the immediate work of Heaven to recompense all my miseries.

In this sweet delusion I indulged myself till we arose from table, when she withdrew. Her departure affected me so much, that it did not escape the general's observation. He began to talk of our families; but I paid little attention to what he said, till the conversation fell on his daughter. "From the great friendship I had for your father," said he, "I could almost wish that she was not betrothed."

"Betrothed!" said I, with an emotion that would have betrayed me, had not my sentiments been already sufficiently evident.

"Yes, my dear Manstow," said he, in a more soft, affectionate tone, "to Mr. Rheinberg, a very worthy man."

I was



I was fixed motionless in my chair, like one stupified. The general had the goodness to go on, to give me time to recover myself, though I heard nothing but a confused hum in my ears. As soon as I was able I rose to take leave. The general embraced me with great cordiality, and made me promise to visit him again the next day.

On my return to my inn I left a letter to excuse myself to the general, took post-horses instantly, and by day-break was many miles from Cassel.

I at length arrived at home, but in such a state as gave my mother the greatest anxiety; for my late adventure at Cassel had deprived me of the little peace of mind I brought from France. I thought fate had decreed that love should continue to pursue, and render me miserable, and this thought distracted me.

Finding no happiness at home, I determined to ramble over the world in quest of it. Lebrecht, who had ever been my faithful companion, in all my adventures, attended me. Chance rather than design led me to Dessau, where the reader first found me, and where a new epoch of my life dates its commencement.

**ISABELLA.**

ISABELLA.

**C**OULD I but once forget Eleonora,  
the thoughts of whom, like death,  
pursue me every where! Why did I see  
thee, too lovely maiden, when betrothed  
to a man much more deserving thee than  
I!

Heavy as the thunder-cloud in a sum-  
mer's-day hung the remembrance over  
my soul, as I returned to Dessau. Pen-  
sive and sad I wandered on, my heart  
longing for peace as the tired traveller for  
repose.

Virtue is often the child of misfortune.  
Deprived of every source of happiness in  
myself, I sought it in the weal of others.



One day a boy, about twelve years old, with an open countenance, asked alms of me. I gave him a six-pence. From my dress he probably supposed me rich, and following me, said, with a moving accent: "Pray, Sir, give me a little more." — Somewhat surprised at this, I said, "Why do you want more? Have not I already given you enough?"

"I do not want more for myself, Sir."

"For whom then?"

"For a poor young woman that has a sick mother, and she wants a great deal of money."

"Who is the young woman?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"How

“ How, then, came you to beg for her ?”

“ She came to my mother’s house yesterday, and to-day my father sent my brother and me to beg charity for her, particularly from rich folks, that have a great deal of money, as the young woman wants it, and is ashamed to beg herself.”

“ A singular kindness this of your father ! Have you gotten much ?”

“ Very little yet, Sir.”

“ Have you told this story, which you tell me, to many others ?”

“ Only to two great gentlemen, Sir.”

“ What did they give you ?”

“ Very little, Sir, and hard words into the bargain. They said I was a lying rascal.”

“ How shall I know that you tell me the truth ?”

“ O, Sir, it is very true ; I do not tell you a word of a lie.”

“ I will inquire into it. Who is your father ?”

“ A poor cobbler, Sir, that lives near the gate.”

“ Have you, or your father, been used to beg ?”

“ O no, Sir ! My father says that we shall never need to beg, if we work and pray.”

“ Shew



“ Shew me the way to your father’s.”

“ Sir ! ——”

“ Shew me the way to your father’s,  
I want to see him.”

“ He lives in a poor, little house, Sir;  
and there are so many old shoes about,  
my father would be ashamed of a gentle-  
man’s coming.”

“ Never fear that, only shew me the  
way.”

The boy went towards home, and I  
followed him, thinking of the generosity  
of the poor cobbler, who could send his  
children to beg for a stranger in distress.

“ Here’s a gentleman, father,” said the  
boy, when he came to the door of a little  
hovel, into which I entered. The ob-

I 5

ject

ject I sought soon met my eyes. A young woman rose up, with a modest air, the instant I appeared.

Not the virgin of the greatest master in the world could look more innocent! No jet was blacker than her speaking eyes and long flowing hair! No carmine purer than the blush in her cheeks! No lily fairer than her neck!

Telling the people of the house the occasion of my visit, I asked the young woman whether she were not the person, for whom the boy was begging.

“Yes, Sir, I am; my name is Isabel Bergern. I am not of this place, but——.”

“Of Wittenberg? ——”

“Yes, Sir; I came hither a few days ago.”

“Ah!”

“ Ah! you are Isabel!—Do you know one Lebrecht Sommers?”

“ Yes, very well, Sir; his mother and mine are great friends.”

“ He is my servant. Do you not recollect meeting us one evening, and asking him the way to Dessau?”

“ I remember it very well, Sir.”

“ Lebrecht told me your story, and guessed your errand. I then wished to have it in my power to assist you, and I am happy that I have found an opportunity. I have heard much in your praise. Tell me your wants, and I will relieve them, if I be able.”

The cobbler and his wife looked astonished. They set me a wooden chair, and Isa-

bel, at my request, resumed her seat. She then told me her story.

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#### HARDHEARTEDNESS AND COMPASSION.

**M**Y mother's house" (began Isabel) "was mortgaged for five guineas: It was a debt of my father's. A rich man, of a very generous disposition, lent him the money, without interest, at a time when, from the dearth of provisions, he was unable to procure bread for us his children, then young. At length this good gentleman died, and a cousin of his, as hardhearted as he was compassionate, was his heir. For some years this cousin was satisfied with interest for the money, after he had made my mother mortgage her house to him as security for the debt. Lately he has demanded the whole sum of my mother, and threatens to sell the house,



BARON OF MANSTOW.

house, and turn her into the street, if she do not pay it, which she is unable to do; nor does she know where to borrow enough to satisfy her hardhearted creditor.

In Dessau my mother has an aunt, a widow, who has money, and has neither chick nor child. She will certainly help us, said my mother; go to her, Isabel, and tell her my case, she surely will not refuse me in my distress.

I came hither, immediately, full of hope. As she had a house of her own I easily found her. She was surprised at my visit, when I told her who I was; for she did not know me, never having seen me since I was quite a child.

I wonder, Isabel, said she, that you should take so long a journey, without knowing whether I was able to help your mother. Times are so hard, that one  
must

must save every penny to make a decent appearance in the world. I know it is said that I have money, but people are much mistaken. What I had has been lent on pledges that lie on my hands; for money is now so scarce that nobody redeems any thing, and nobody buys; and if we would deal with the Jews, they are so hard, that they will scarcely give us our money again for any thing. I can assure you, child, I have not above five shillings in the house; it is as much as I can do to scrape together a living, and who knows but I may come to want when I get old? Your mother must not take it amiss that I do not help her: I promise you I would if I could, but it is not in my power.

All my hopes were now vanished at once. The tears burst from my eyes, and I could not help exclaiming, good God! then there is no one left to help us!

Somebody

Somebody now knocked at the door, and a Jew came in. He seemed well acquainted with my aunt, as he immediately sat down, and asked me why I was crying. My aunt immediately answered, she is a little distressed about a family affair.

With this she arose, and desired the Jew to follow her into another room. When he got to the door, he turned round, and said to me, young woman, if you want a little money come to me. My name is Moses Solomons. You are not in the best hands.

I thought he was a Jew like all others, and replied, in my situation I cannot expect help from you; I want five guineas.

No matter; come to me. This is not a place to say much.



He went out, but he did not return with my aunt. This I was sorry for, as I began to have some hopes from him.

My aunt asked what the Jew had said to me. I ingenuously told her. She laughed, and cautioned me to take care of him, saying, that I was young and handsome, and those people often made a booty of young women.

On this I thought no more of the man; but once more intreated my aunt to lend me the five guineas. She gave me no positive answer, but sent me to bed, after having offered me some bread and cheese, which I was too much afflicted to touch. I laid down, but sorrow would not suffer me to close my eyes.

Weary, and without strength, the next morning I arose. After I had drank a dish of tea, which was all I could take,  
my



my aunt laid a shilling on the table, telling me there was a trifle to help me home, but that she could do no more for me.

I went out, leaving the shilling on the table. Hunger and grief had so overcome me, that I could scarcely set one foot before the other. I got into the street; but had not gone far before my strength quite forsook me. I sat down. I found myself in a strange place, where I knew nobody, hungry, weary, with no more than six-pence in my pocket; and to whom should I have recourse when my nearest relation had forsaken me?

I now recollected the Jew. Probably, thought I, he is an honest man; I will inquire him out. Seeing a woman knitting at the door of a small house near, I went up to her, and asked where Moses Solomons, the Jew, lived.

I do

I do not know any such person; but what do you want of him?

I want him to help me.

A Jew help you!

He promised me he would; he is probably an honest man.

Do you know him?

Very little; but —.

You are certainly a stranger here —.

Yes, and one much to be pitied.

For what?

I am the most unfortunate girl in the world.

You

You look distressed. Come in, and tell me your case. Perhaps my husband can give you some advice. You may fall into bad hands, perhaps.

The good woman spoke so kindly, and looked so compassionately, I thought her an angel from Heaven. I went in, and told her my story.

Good God ! said she, what people there are in the world ! Take comfort—stay with us—rest yourself—and eat of what we have ; God will repay us. We will see if we can find this Jew, who promised to assist you.

I thanked her in a few words, for my heart was too full to say much. Heaven thus found me friends amongst strangers, when my own relations had forsaken me.

For



For some days we endeavored to find the Jew, but in vain. All his brethren, when asked, said they knew nothing of him. Having no longer hopes of procuring the money, I prepared to return home, and leave our fate to Providence. My kind host, however, proposed another plan.

It is no shame to ask the assistance of our neighbours in time of need, said he; but, as you will not ask alms for yourself, my two boys shall for you, till we have raised the necessary sum. We have many worthy people in the town, and, I hope, we shall soon get enough, when they hear the occasion.

I refused at first; but he persisted, and need made me comply. We have collected a little, and, I hope, God will prosper our endeavors, and relieve my poor mother."

Thus



Thus Isabel ended her narrative.

“Keep the money that your children have collected,” said I to the woman of the house, “and make a good use of it. You, Isabel, come to me to-morrow morning early, and I will give you the money you want.”

“How wonderful is God’s Providence!” cried the man. Isabel fell at my feet to thank me. I raised her up, told her where I lived, and left the habitation of benevolence and generosity.

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THE JEW, AN ISRAELITE INDEED!

**L**EBRECHT leaped for joy, when I told him that I had found Isabel, and was ready to assist her mother.

“God be praised!” cried he, “the poor people will not be turned into the street, and Providence will provide the rest. When Isabel marries, Sir, she will get a husband that will pay you again.”

“That I do not mean, Lebrecht; yet I wish her a good husband, who may know how to value her sufficiently.”

“O, there is no fear of that, Sir. So handsome a girl as Isabel, so virtuous, and such

such a good housewife, must have many good offers."

"I believe she will make her husband very happy."

"Ah, Sir! the man that has such a wife has a Heaven upon earth."

Lebrecht felt what he spoke. He sighed, and said no more.

In the morning, before Isabel came, some one knocked at my door. It was a Jew. I instantly thought of Moses Solomons, and hoped I should be able to learn from him where he lived. I bade him come in.

"Has your honor any thing to sell? Old gold, silver, or cloaths? I deal in every thing."

"What



"What is your name? I must know with whom I deal."

"Moses Solomons, Sir."

"Moses Solomons! Is it possible?"

"Good God! why not?—What is your honor surprised at?"

"The name strikes me.—But—you say, you deal in every thing."

"Yes, Sir, if you do not ask too much money. I will give you a fair price."

"Well, friend, I have nothing that I can sell you, but a pretty girl."

"Your honor is pleased to joke with me."

"No,

"No, indeed, I am in earnest. If you have a mind to pay down five guineas, I can offer you a girl that would make your fortune."

"I know not what to think of your offer, Sir; but, if you be in earnest, I must beg you to believe that I am an honest man."

"That may be; but if I were to tell you who the maid is, you would catch at her with both your hands."

"Were she an angel, Sir, God forbid that I should turn procurer."

"Do not say too much, friend. Did you not a little while ago profer five guineas to a young woman, whom you met by chance at an old hag's, with whom you deal?"

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"Yes,

“ Yes, Sir ; but how did your honor hear of that ?”

“ You see I have discovered you. I know the young woman, and in half an hour, probably, she will be here.”

“ Good God ! how deceitful are appearances ! I could have sworn that that maiden was virtuous.”

“ So she is, friend ; but if something else had not been in your head, you would scarcely have offered her your money.”

“ May I never be received into Abraham’s bosom if I had any evil purpose. I saw the poor girl in distress, and in bad hands. I believed her virtuous, and would have assisted her.”

“ Were your intentions really so honorable ?”

“ Yes,



“ Yes, Sir, as I hope to go to Heaven; and, to convince you of it, I will here give you the five guineas, merely on your word, that she is an honest girl. I will lend her the money, though I should never see a farthing of it again. Give it her, and tell her that Moses Solomons, a Jew, helped her when no Christian would.”

“ Are you in earnest, Moses ?”

“ Certainly, Sir. I am not used to jest with money.”

Saying this, the worthy Jew took out the five guineas, and laid them on the table very cheerfully. I told him that the young woman had sought after him very diligently, and he expressed much sorrow at not having told her where he dwelt. I could not avoid dealing with the Jew, and this employed the time till Isabel came.

She entered, the picture of innocence and virtue.

“That is the very person,” cried the Jew, the instant he saw her. Isabel was not a little surprised at seeing him. I desired her to sit down, and said :

“I have by accident met with this worthy man, whom you long sought in vain. You were not mistaken in his character. He is ready to perform his promise. Here are the five guineas which he gave me for you ; but, I believe, it is more my duty to assist you than his : Receive, therefore, these five guineas from me, and you, my worthy friend, take back your money : I only wished to put you to the proof, to try whether my partiality for your nation was well founded, as I have often persuaded myself that there are men amongst you far better than most of us Christians.”

“No,

“ No, Sir,” replied the worthy Solomons, “ this was not our agreement. Isabel must have the money from me. I am not rich, it is true ; but the God of my fathers will repay me in my trade what I give to the needy.”

“ I pressed him to take his money again ; but he absolutely refused, saying, that he had given his word, and no true Jew would ever break his promise. I was sorry that I had so put him to the proof ; but I had no doubt of Isabel’s having the money of me in the end.

The affair, however, terminated to Isabel’s advantage. Each of us obliged her to take five guineas, and, after having had some refreshment, she set out on her journey homewards with a gladsome heart, Lebrecht accompanying her part of the way.



From this time I ranked Moses Solomons amongst my friends. Lebrecht was delighted with Isabel's success. He talked of no one else; he seemed to think of no one else. Isabel was to him, as Eleonora to me.

The morning after Isabel's departure I left Dessau, intending to visit Leipzig fair, to seek some amusement for my distressed mind.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

AS I like not lodging at an inn, on my arrival at Leipfic, I took an apartment in a private house. The master, whose name was Hartmuth, had formerly been in trade, but now lived on the income of a little money he had saved, and what he got by letting lodgings.

In the garret of this house was a poor lad of about fifteen, a nephew of the landlord. He was a student at the grammar-school, but employed by his uncle in the most menial offices, which he durst not refuse, being wholly dependent on him. His sister, about three years older than himself, lived in the house as a servant. It appeared that they were not

very kindly treated, as Lebrecht informed me, that he had often observed the girl in tears, and the boy always appeared melancholy.

I could not but despise a man who thus made his poor relations feel the weight of his benefits, and took particular notice of the youth as he passed my door. I observed a dejection in his countenance, which led me to think I might render his situation more happy. I took occasion to speak to him, and he answered me in a manner that shewed him not defective in understanding. At length, one evening, when his uncle was from home, I invited him to sup with me. A few glasses of wine made him more cheerful and communicative. He confessed that his situation was not very agreeable, and told me his story.

“My



“ My late father,” said he, “ held a place at the court of ——. Five years ago he died, leaving nothing but a respected name, an afflicted widow, two children unprovided for, and some trifling arrears of his salary. The prince, from his regard for him, would probably have taken care of us, but he died soon after. My mother was now told, that she would, perhaps, never recover the arrears due, as my father’s accounts were not all passed, and it was recommended to her to solicit a part of them as a donation. In this she obtained hopes of succeeding. Sending me once to the minister with a petition, he received me very kindly, and, amongst other things, asked me, whether I were much grieved at the loss of my father. I told him, that many more had reason to lament his death, as he was a very honest, worthy man. The minister smiled, and dismissed me, telling me that my mother should soon have an answer. On my re-

turn home, wonderfully pleased at my success, I told my mother all that had passed. To my astonishment she chid me, and told me that I had acted very improperly.

The promised answer, however, was not given, and my mother went again to the minister. She took me with her, the more to excite his compassion. As I thought the payment of my father's arrears was a debt on the part of the court, I was surprised to hear both the minister and my mother talk of nothing but a gift. Still more was I astonished, when my mother, on her retiring, repeatedly thanked the minister for his many favors, though he had not yet given her so much as a direct answer. Questioning my mother about it, she told me, with tears in her eyes, that the custom of courts required it.

In short, my mother's petition was put off from time to time. Want and grief preyed on her, whilst her hopes of obtaining her request daily lessened. At length she made application to a certain charity, founded by some of my own ancestors, from which she flattered herself with a provision for us; but her application was in vain. The governors told her, that it was impossible to admit us, as the founder had appropriated it to children without parents, and we had still a mother. They added, that, on account of their esteem for our father, they were exceedingly sorry at being obliged to refuse us; but they were sworn to their trust, and must consequently abide by the regulations of it.

My mother now wrote to Mr. Hartmuth, who was her uncle, praying him to take care of us. He is a covetous old fellow, worth money, and used to keep a

K 6
boy



boy and a maid. He wrote to her, that he would take my sister out of charity, to keep his house for him. He did take her indeed; but he immediately turned away his other maid, and made her do all the work.

This, however, was a small relief to my mother, and a still greater, perhaps, was her death, which happened soon after. What was now to become of me!—There was no one else to take care of me, so our uncle Hartmuth took me likewise.

He began telling me how much I was indebted to him for having taken compassion not only on my sister but on me, to which he was under no obligation, but did the whole from his own free-will; that I must ever remember, with gratitude, his singular kindness; never forget the distressed state in which I must otherwise have lived, and be contented with what-  
ever

ever he did for me. — I promised him to do every thing he desired of me, only requesting, that he would let me continue to go to school. This he took some time to consider of; but at length was prevailed on by my repeated intreaties, telling me, at the same time, that I must do the offices of his boy, whom he now discharged.

He took the trouble to go with me to the master, begging him, in consideration of my poverty, to remit the entrance-money. This he did. My uncle failed not frequently to remind me, that I must be very diligent in the hours allotted for public teaching, as he could not afford to pay for any private instructions, which the other scholars received. Books I could scarcely ever obtain from him; but was generally forced on Sundays to transcribe from those of one of my school-fellows.

fellows what was wanting for my lessons of the week."

"This was very hard upon you."

"Yes, Sir; but those who are poor must submit to every thing. In the mean time I and my sister were obliged to lead a very sober, quiet, industrious life, for our uncle hated the least appearance of mirth or gaiety. His parsimony was, perhaps, carried too far. Suppers he would not permit, deeming them unwholesome. At dinner we must eat but little, and the meat for the whole week was generally dressed on Sunday, that my sister's time might not be taken up by cooking on other days. In other respects, he kept the Sabbath very strictly. To give you an instance of it, Sir:—One Sunday, after service was over, a working-man came to him, and earnestly intreated him to pay a small part of a debt of forty shillings, which



which he had owed him two years, as his wife was just brought to bed, and he had not a farthing to procure her necessaries. Instead of money, the poor man got a severe reprimand, for disturbing my uncle's devotions on the Sabbath. His devotions, to be sure, were soon over; for soon after a Jew came to him, who used to visit him, praying my uncle to lend him twenty pounds, to make a purchase, as he should otherwise lose a good bargain. This he obtained, on promise of two per cent. per month interest. My uncle pacified his conscience, by observing, that he would not encourage the poor man, who was a Christian, in breaking the Sabbath, but the Jew, who did not keep our Sabbath, he assisted in his need, as charity to our neighbour should know no distinction of persons. Every Wednesday he fasted, in commemoration of having on that day recovered a considerable sum, which he had given over as lost. This

fast

fast we were obliged to keep also, for our good, as he said. He never broke through his rule, unless he were invited to dine out. On those occasions, in order to promote digestion, he used to drink rather more wine than he could carry, and has been brought home drunk not unfrequently. Still I must do him the justice to say, that, to make amends for this fault, he has always fasted both the day before and the day after. Beggars he cannot bear, and thinks the law to prevent their going about the streets the best that ever was made; he is of course extremely zealous in enforcing it, of which I once saw a striking instance. A woman, of a neighbouring town, who had formerly lived with him some time, and was a very honest and faithful servant by his own account, had her house burnt down, and lost her all. A few days after, being left a widow, she came to his door, with her young infant at her breast, asking charity. He told her,

her, that he felt a truly Christian compassion for her misfortunes, but could not encourage begging, as it was forbidden by law."

"A nice interpretation of the law; but enough of his character. Tell me, Have you a desire to continue your studies?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir; there is nothing else I take any pleasure in, and I would continue them, however hard be the tasks required of me by my uncle."

"Of that, perhaps, there may be no occasion. Your studies are rendered unnecessarily irksome. I may be able to make them pleasanter; but I must first consult your uncle; we must do nothing without him."



Full of happier hopes for the future, the young man left me, and I concluded to make some inquiries about his sister, intending, if they appeared to deserve it, to take care of them both.

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#### A DISCOVERY.

“**D**O you really mean, Sir, to provide for this young lad and his sister?” said Lebrecht to me the next morning, as he was dressing my hair.

“I am much inclined to it; but you speak as if you had some particular meaning: Are there any reasons why I should not?”

“I cannot say, Sir; but —.”

“But

"But what?"

"I was thinking, Sir, it would not be amiss to know a little about them first."

"That I certainly mean to do; but what grounds have you for this caution?"

"To say the truth, Sir, I am afraid all is not as it should be between Lucy and the old hunks of an uncle."

"Not as it should be! How so?"

"What the eye sees, the heart believes."

"Impossible! The girl appears to be virtue herself."

"Looks are sometimes deceitful, Sir: However, I will tell all I saw and heard.  
Yester-

Yester-morning, as Lucy was making the kettle boil for the old skeleton's breakfast, he came into the kitchen in his ragged night-gown. I was looking out of my chamber window, from which I could see all that passed. The old fellow lighted a pipe of such horrid tobacco, that I thought the smell of it, even where I was, would have made me sick. When he had finished his pipe, he took hold of Lucy's arm, and stroked his old beard with her hand, so that I thought he would have rubbed the skin off."

"Did she suffer this?"

"Very quietly, Sir. I should have knocked his teeth down his throat, if I had been in her place. He then chatted very lovingly with her for some time, and sniggered like a fool in a fair. Presently he took her round the waist with one arm, gave her a hearty smack upon the cheek, and



and began to use his other hand a little rudely."

"Did she take all this patiently?"

"Why, no, Sir; she sprang from him: But if I had not coughed, and the old man on hearing me gone away, who knows what might have happened?"

"Did Lucy say nothing to him?"

"I could not understand what she said, though to be sure she did not seem to talk very kindly to him; and when I went into the kitchen to get your breakfast, Sir, she was crying. I asked what was the matter with her, and she told me frankly that she could stay no longer with her uncle; but that might be all pretence, and, perhaps, she lives with the old fellow on a footing that —."

"It

“It may be so, Lebrecht; but it also may be, that you go too far in your conjectures. I thank you, however, for the information, and will endeavor to learn the truth.”

The girl was handsome. She was fresh-coloured, fair, and had beautiful light hair; but her demeanor bore the strongest marks of modesty. I could not believe, therefore, that she had any secret correspondence with her uncle; and, indeed, had she appeared less virtuous, she must have had many more agreeable admirers.

Two days passed on without my discovering any impropriety in the girl's behaviour, though Lebrecht and I were diligently on the watch. Our attention, however, convinced me still more strongly of the uncle's harshness to the poor orphans.

On

On the third day I was resolved to speak to the old man, having formed my plan for the future care of the children. I was going to him, but was prevented by what then offered itself to my sight. The parlour, in which he sat, had a glass door opening into a passage, that was rather dark. The curtain was not quite close, and I perceived the uncle sitting on a chair, holding Lucy, who stood before him, by the hand. Thinking of Lebrecht's story, I stopped, as I could see and hear all that passed, and thus, probably, should now discover the truth. Lucy, with tears in her eyes, was endeavoring to withdraw her hand. Loose my hand, uncle," said she; "I must go."

"You are very ungrateful, Lucy, so much as I have done for you. If I had not kept you, and maintained you, you must have starved, or gone to service to any stranger that would take you, and you will



will not shew me the least love, that would cost you nothing."

"You wrong me, uncle; I am not ungrateful, and I love you as my dearest relation."

"You lye, you little vixen. If you loved me, you would not be so cross to me; and —, if you knew what I intended to do for you. — If you would but love me as I wish, I would immediately leave all I have to you. Not that I think of dying soon, for I am but two and sixty, and I am as hearty as a buck. Then, about twenty years hence, when you get yourself a husband, I will do something handsome for you; but if you will not do as I would have you, you shall not have one farthing of mine."

"I must trust to Providence, uncle."

"Come,

"Come, come, Lucy, and sit down on my knee a little."

With this he attempted to pull her to him, but she resisted, and said she would do nothing unbecoming a modest woman.

"You fancy it a sin, then?"

"Yes, uncle; and in that I think justly."

"No, no, you are greatly mistaken. If, indeed, you were to sit upon the knee of a young rakeshame, that would ruin you, it would be a great sin; but with me the case is different. I am your uncle, your benefactor, and an old man. — What we do out of gratitude is no sin. You cannot think how much satisfaction it would give me. We will have a hot dinner to-day, and we will have coffee afterwards."

With this he seemed to exert all his strength, to pull her down on his knee; but he could not succeed. He then rose up, took her in both his arms, and endeavored to make her sit down with him. She broke from him, however, and rushed out of the door without observing me,

Pleased with my discovery of her innocence, I now determined to free them both from the hands of the old villain; and, desirous first of having some conversation with Lucy on the subject, I retired to my apartments without seeing old Hartmuth.



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AN ELOPEMENT.

THE first time the old fellow was out of the way I sent Lebrecht for Lucy. She came. "Your situation, my good girl," said I, "is not unknown to me. You and your brother deserve a better fate. If you be desirous of leaving your uncle, I will procure you a better protector."

"I would gladly accept your offer, Sir; but —."

"But what? — Speak your mind freely."

"My uncle will not let me go; and then —."

"I understand you. I am unknown to you, and you dare not trust yourself with a stranger, for fear of falling into worse hands."

"Why, Sir, if you will not be offended, it would not be prudent for a poor, friendless girl —."

"Your fears are very natural, and I am not displeased with you for them. A young woman, handsome like you, cannot be too cautious; but if I explain to you my intentions, and you find that you run no hazard in executing them, will you then put yourself under my protection?"

"Very willingly, Sir, and thank you on my knees; but what will my uncle say?"

"Are you certain that he will not let you go?"

"O

"O very certain, Sir, for he cannot get another servant on as good terms; and besides, Sir—if you knew all——. The tears gushed from her eyes, and, sobbing, she added, I am the most unfortunate maid in the world!"

"I know all your griefs, my dear child. To your most secret afflictions I am no stranger, or to the virtue you have displayed."

"I am very glad you do, Sir, for I dare not tell them."

"Is it lately that your uncle has begun to attempt your virtue?"

"About a year ago. I am now scarcely eighteen."

"He is a vile man."



" Indeed he is, Sir. You do not know what I have gone through. If I persist in refusing his solicitations, he wearies me with hard work, and starves me till I allow him some little liberties."

" You shall no longer have need of this uncle. In the end you will be obliged to yield to him, or some one else."

" God forbid, Sir; I would rather die first."

" I trust I can remove all your griefs. Listen to my proposals. My mother, who lives on my estate between Berlin and Magdeburg, will take you to be with her as a companion. In her you will find a mother; and, if you behave well, when you marry, you shall not want a portion. Are you willing to go to her?"

" O,

“ O, Sir ! I would thank you on my knees ; but ——.”

“ To remove all your objections, I will only go with you to Halle. Your brother shall accompany us thither ; him I mean to get into the orphan-school there. When you are satisfied of my keeping my word with respect to your brother, I will send my servant on with you to my mother. Do not, therefore, mistrust me ; you shall certainly find in me a man of honor.”

“ I dare not, Sir, mistrust you any longer ; if you meant to deceive me, it would be so great a sin ; nor am I such a person ——.”

“ You are handsome, my dear child, that cannot be denied ; but were I a libertine, whilst many as handsome as yourself are so much easier to be come at, I should

certainly not be disposed to take so much pains."

"At any rate, Sir, I cannot fall into worse hands; but how shall we get away from our uncle?"

"Very easily. I will appoint an hour, when you shall repair to the gate that leads to Halle. Your brother shall come to the same place as he leaves school. I will be waiting there in a coach, and will send Lebrecht before with my horses."

"So my uncle shall know nothing of it."

"Not a word. I depend on your and your brother's secrecy."

"I will answer for him as well as for myself."

The



The poor girl was overjoyed with the hopes of an unexpected delivery; nor was her brother less so when I told him my intention. They both impatiently waited the day of their departure.

When every thing was ready I sent Lebrecht forwards with my horses, and discharged my lodgings. At the appointed hour I was at the gate in a post-coach, and found Lucy and her brother waiting my coming. I took them up, and we immediately set off for Halle.

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A LETTER.

AS I had given directions at Leipzig, that any letters sent thither for me should be forwarded to Halle, the day after my arrival I received one from my landlord at Dessau. It inclosed the following :

“ My dear Manstow,

It seldom happens that a truly disinterested friendship takes place between men of riper years. At a certain time of life interest and circumstances form our connexions ; but nothing can be more unstable than such friendships. The more am I rejoiced at having made in you an acquaintance,

acquaintance, the occasion of which I esteem amongst the happiest of my life.

Yet but for the firmest persuasion that I have not mistaken your character, your seeming neglect would lead me to suppose, that your friendship for me was already cooled, as so long a time has elapsed without my hearing from you, notwithstanding your promise.

Indeed, my dear friend, it does a little surprise me, after the cordiality with which you took leave of us. My wife, in whose esteem you stand high, equally wonders at it. She cannot persuade herself, that your sentiments for us are less warm than when you left Curthausen, or that you remember us with less pleasure; in this she is not wholly free from the vanity of her sex. You must be ill, or engaged in some important affair, or over-head and ears in love. She can define no other reason.

Yours



You see how indulgent she is to you; and, to say the truth, were I apt to be jealous, I know not what I should think of her readiness to take up your defence.

We hear from Dessau that you are still there, seeking amusement, and paying little attention to the ladies; but tell me yourself, whether I am to consider my wife in the right.

You have a still warmer advocate, perhaps, with us than my Henrietta, in the person of Eleonora Linden. Captain Waldhaussen, who, between ourselves, has a design upon her heart, told us that he met you on the road. The many questions Eleonora asked him respecting you, how you were, whether you did not speak warmly of us, whether you talked of returning, and a thousand others, made him so jealous, that he had much ado to conceal his sentiments from bursting out.

out. I cannot recollect all that passed, but this I remember, Eleonora seemed not to lose the least word relating to you, and the more attentive she seemed, the more uneasy was poor Waldhaussen.

Thus, my dear friend, you see you have already given birth to a jealousy, which, I fear, would not be forgotten, should the union, he so much wishes, between him and my sister, ever take place: But, if I mistake not, there will be some obstacles to surmount; of these I could say more to you, were you with us. In short, come to us without delay: I have many reasons for this request.

We all eagerly desire your coming; but remember, we shall not part with you in a few days. My wife reckons on your tarrying some time, and is already inventing amusements for you, that you may not soon grow weary of us. I have  
one

one argument that I know must be unanswerable ; you place your happiness in that of others ; come, then, and make us so.

Your sincere friend,

JULIUS VON CURTHEIM."

What a change did I feel on reading this letter ! I pressed it to my lips. Is Eleonora, then, still free ! Happy event ! Perhaps I shall yet be happy. She whom I adore has a friendship, an esteem for me. What would I more ? But how often have my hopes been already disappointed ! and what shall I think of this Waldhaussen ? Did he not say that Eleonora was engaged to him ? But, it may be, he meant only to prevent me from becoming his rival ; yet how can I reconcile that with the probity which I have supposed him to possess ? Can a man of honor



honor say, that he is engaged to a woman to whom he is not?

I began to have somewhat less esteem for Waldhaussen, I own; but still my mind was far from being at peace. I had first of all to dispose of Lucy and her brother, and then determined to set off instantly to visit Curtheim.

THE

"I thank you, Sir, for the great kindness you have done me; but for you, Sir,

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THE REWARD OF BENEVOLENCE.

THE first thing I did was to go to the orphan-school, with the young Walter. I was so fortunate as to obtain my purpose without difficulty, and the boy was immediately admitted a pensioner, till there was a vacancy on the foundation. I paid down the necessary sum, recommended him to be diligent in his studies, and promised not to neglect him, if he behaved well. What were the sensations I felt, when the young lad, thus freed from his oppressed situation, grasped my hand, kissed it, and, with tears in his eyes, said:

“ I thank you, Sir, for the great kindness you have done me ; but for you,  
Sir,

Sir, I know not what would have become of me. You have taken compassion on me; God will reward you for it."

"Be but industrious, my dear Charles, and you shall have no reason to regret having left your hard-hearted uncle. — Should he forget you in his will, I will take care that you shall lose nothing by it."

"I took him in my arms, and kissed him. The masters were much affected at our parting, and bestowed on me many good wishes, for the lad had already told them his story; I should have been proud of their praise, but my heart told me I had done no more than my duty."

"Lucy expects you, Sir, with impatience, said Lebrecht, when I returned to my lodgings."

"Where



"Where is she?"

"In the dining-room, Sir, crying."

"I went to her, and found her eyes still wet. Why do you cry, my dear child? You do not regret having intrusted yourself to my care?"

"O no, Sir; gladness, and the pleasing prospect before me, pressed upon my heart, and I could not refrain from tears. How good, thought I, is God to send a stranger to free us from the oppression we suffered from our nearest relation! And then I considered how happy I must be with the worthy lady your mother. I thought, Sir, a lady, who had such a son, must be very good-hearted herself."

"You speak too favorably of me, my dear child; but I am happy to find that you are satisfied with me. So far I have performed

performed my promises, and your brother is taken care of. You next claim my attention: You shall set off to my mother with Lebrecht; and a letter, which I will give you for her, will secure you a good reception."

"Ah, Sir! if I knew but how to thank you!—You have treated me with more than a father's kindness, and I would sacrifice my life for you."

Her tears flowed afresh, and I was obliged to withdraw, to conceal my emotion.

Lebrecht made the necessary preparations, whilst I wrote the letter to my mother. Lucy then departed.

What unspeakable pleasure did I feel when Lucy's grateful heart thanked me as she left the house. Her broken sentences,  
and

and streaming eyes, were indeed most eloquent! Those only can judge of my sensations who have made two people happy.

Unable longer to delay my journey to Curthausen, I hired another servant till Lebrecht's return, and immediately left Halle.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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